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AS RE-WRITTEN OR RE-ARRANGED BY HIS
SUCCESSORS OF THE RESTORATION PERIOD

As presented at the Dukes Theatre and
elsewhere *circa* 1664-1669

*Being the text of these so-restored Plays with
the First Folio Shakespeare text
with Critical Introductions*

The Bankside=Restoration Shakespeare

EDITED BY APPLETON MORGAN AND WILLIS VICKERY



NEW YORK
THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK
THE SHAKESPEARE PRESS

1907

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The Bankside=Restoration Shakespeare

THE LIFE OF TIMON OF ATHENS

*(The Text of the Folio of 1623, with that as made into a
Play by Thomas Shadwell in 1678)*

With a critical and historical Introduction in which the Play
as written by William Shakespeare is compared with
it as altered by Thomas Shadwell

BY

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duction to "Caliban, a Drama by Ernest Renan, continu-
ing Shakespeare's Tempest": "A Search
After a First Folio," Etc.*

NEW YORK
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THE GENERAL PREFACE TO THE BANKSIDE RESTORATION SERIES.

On the second day of September, in the year 1642, the Long Parliament passed "An ordinance of the Lords and Commons concerning Stage-Plays." This ordinance provided as follows:

"Whereas, the distracted state of Ireland, steeped in her own blood, and the distracted state of England threatened with a cloud of blood by Civil War, call for all possible means to appease and avert the wrath of God, appearing in these Judgments, amongst which Fasting and Prayer, having been often tried to be very effective, have been lately and still enjoined: and Whereas, Public Sports do not well agree with Public Calamities, nor Public Stage Plays with seasons of Humiliation, this being an exercise of sad and pious solemnity, and the other being spectacles of Stage-Plays."

"Pleasure so commonly expressing Lascivious Mirth and Levity; it is therefore, thought fit and ordained by the Lords and Commons in this Parliament assembled, that while these sad causes and set times of Humiliation do continue, Public Stage Plays shall cease and be foreborne. Instead of which, are recommended to the people of this land, the Profitable and Seasonable considerations of Repentance, Reconciliation and Peace with God, which probably will produce outward Peace and prosperity, and bring again times of Joy and Gladness to the Nation."

This was the first Ordinance of the Long Parliament against Stage-Plays and Interludes. Not being as effective as desired, on October twenty-second, 1647, a still more severe Ordinance was passed, entitled "For the Better Suppression of Stage-Plays, Interludes and Common Players." But even this proved ineffectual. Though the public Theatres were closed in consequence, and Plays were contraband, yet stages were improvised at taverns, in booths and at Fairs, and mountebanks and strolling players of every description still supplied the masses with such theatricals as their tastes craved. Parliament therefore, February ninth, 1648, passed the most drastic measure of all, which declared "that all Stage-Players, and Players in Interludes and Common Players, are hereby declared to be, and are, and shall be taken to be, Rogues, and punished within the statutes of the thirty-ninth Elizabeth and the Seventh of the Reign of James the First." The first cited of these Acts, the 39th Elizabeth, was the one entitled, "An act for the Punishment of Rogues, Vagabonds and Common Beggars," and pro-

vided the severest punishment for all such as could be brought within these entitled classes—saving and excepting only such Players as might be under patronage of a Baron of the Realm or other honorable person of greater degree—who might continue to present and perform in Stage Plays and Interludes. But now the Parliament exempted nobody—and every Actor, Stage Player, and Player of Interludes—under whatsoever protection, was forbidden to present anything in the nature of a Play or an Interlude—subject to the penalties attaching to “Rogues, Vagabonds and Common Beggars,” under the statutes of Elizabeth and of James.

This closed all theatres, public and private, regular or improvised. Although sullenly conscious that the temptation of Puritan rulers was—not entirely without a certain satisfaction in the boredom of others not rulers—(that, as Macauley expressed it, the sin of bear-bating lay, not in that it gave pain to the bear, but that it gave pleasure to the spectator,) the masses acquiesced—and, for a space, not only the Theatre, but all those sports and pastimes which had made England “Merry England,” were discontinued. Not to make long prayers, not to sing nasal psalms, or not to name ones children “Obejoyful” (!!!) or “If-Christ-Had-not-Died-for-thee-thou-Hadst-been-Damned”—or at the least Milchizedek or other large Old Testament name, was to be in league with the Devil or other Enemy of the Long Parliament, and therefore a traitor to one’s country.

It was a remark of M. Taine that the English are a sombre people—and that the miasma of the Fens which called forth the sombreness of Beouwuf, still influences Englishmen, and compels them to go the whole way—when they go at all! But it was also a foregone conclusion that when the Re-action to this Hydraulic suppression of the elastic impulses of a whole people came—it would be a cosmic one!

The Re-action came when Charles the Second was crowned at Whitehall amid frantic acclamations of delight. And naturally the Drama—the Theatre—was the first to feel the inspiration of the new Regime! This Mons Pelée explosion does not, however, concern us here, except in so far as it brought Shakespeare back to his pedestal—to be “Reformed” and “Restored” however, to suit the uttermost Liscence and impropriety which could express the other extreme of the popular pendulum.

And there had also been another cause at work. Even before the Long Parliament, during the reigns of Charles the First, there had been a sensible decline of the Drama, and no single Dramatist of the first class. Fletcher,

the last of the Shakespearean Dramatists, was senile. Shirley was not important, and practically a generation had passed without any notable work being added to Dramatic Literature. When, therefore, the new Dispensation came in, and the theatres—closed—as Pepys deftly put it—(wiping out the ten years Commonwealth forever in as many words)—“since his majesty hath been so long abroad” re-opened—the first recourse for plays was to the past. And to what past was there recourse—but to the giant of the Elizabethan Drama—Shakespeare!

That Shakespeare, to be acceptable to this new age, must be rewritten “with Carpentry and French,” is so familiar that we need not again describe it. Nor were those antique Bores, the three Unities, too far away to further complicate matters. No doubt the gentleman who now straightway proceeded to “Make Plays” out of Shakespeare, believed that any amount of lubricity would be justified if only that Trinity of unkind Virgins presided over the proprieties (or, rather the Improproprieties) they contemplated. The quarrel between the adherents of the two schools had not slept before the closing of the Theatres in 1642, and was readily taken up again, upon their reopening, at the time of The Restoration. The adherents of Jonson were reinforced by the King, who favored everything that was French, and who brought with him out of France the French ideas and tastes, as well as the French vices of the times. Upon the reopening of the Theatres, Dramatists were put to their wit’s end to supply the demand for new plays, and readily turned to the plays that had once been so popular and sought to adapt them to the stage of the period, and make them more popular by making them conform, not only to the Unities, now regarded as so essential, but to the latitudenarianism so everywhere in the air! Many other curiosities will appear in the analyses of this “Restoration” period. In the prevalence of such a transanimate task it could be written of almost any local poet—as Cartwright wrote of Fletcher, that

“Shakespeare to thee was dull, whose best jest lies,
In ladies questions, and the fool’s replies;
Old fashioned art, which walks from town to town
In turned hose which our fathers called the clown;
Whose wit our nice times would obsceneness call,
And which made baudry pass for comical;
Nature was all his art, thy verse was free
As his, but without his scurrility;”

to apply the sentiment of the last four of these lines to Shakespeare seems quite as palpable an obsession as to suppose that the statement in the seventh line, that "nature was all his Art," was not the highest possible praise!

And yet it must not be forgotten that during all of this period in which the drama was being corrupted, and Shakespeare was being adapted to the "enlightened age," his real works were still calmly coming from the press undefiled, and based upon the text of 1623. The Third Folio appeared in 1664 and the Fourth Folio in 1685, and many quarto editions of single plays were issued during the period from 1660 down to 1700 in their original undefiled form. Even while this base appetite of the age was still dominant, Nicholas Rowe brought out his First Edition of Shakespeare's Works in 1709; perhaps the most important event—in view of time and place—in all Shakespeare history, except, of course, the appearances of the Quartos and Folios themselves! It was, and remains, the first "Edited," as well as the first illustrated, Edition of Shakespeare—and the first to be preceded by an attempt at a Biography of him—so that, in the midst of all this Liscence it is apparent that there was still in England a modicum of scholarship which had not bowed the knee to Baal!

Nor, in conclusion, should a word be wanting as to the state of the applied science of Stagecraft in this second Caroline period. In the Introduction to the Seventh Volume of *THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE* is a demonstration that Shakespeare was not only the earliest great English Dramatist, but the earliest great English Dramaturgist as well—that he not only perfected Dramatic Art, but commanded and commandeered the Stagecraft Art to serve him—that he was not only the greatest of Dramatists, but the greatest of Stage-rights! *THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE* is in the hands of its grand possessors—and this *BANKSIDE RESTORATION* Series, will, we are of surety, find an identical possession! Together, these epochical works will appeal—as indeed this *BANKSIDE RESTORATION* Series (which now, for the first time, presents students of the Drama with the Restored play—as against the text of a play as Shakespeare left it—thus indicating at a glance wherein Shakespeare was "dull" in the view of the "refined age" of Charles the Second, and how a refining process could be accomplished), will appeal, not only to the studious, but to the curious, student of Shakespeare.

WILLIS VICKERY.

INTRODUCTION.

The earliest appearance of "THE LIFE OF TYMON OF ATHENS," is in the First Folio, where it is inscribed between the Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet, and The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar—beginning on a left hand page numbered 80—and ending on a left hand page numbered 89. On page 99, a right hand page, is a table headed "The Actors Names," but really being a List of the Persons of the Drama. This page is not numbered at all, and the verse is blank. The next play, the Julius Cæsar, begins upon a right hand page numbered 109. Various conjectures to account for this erroneous pagination are offered. But the paging of the First Folio is so abnormal and careless throughout that it is hardly worth while to pause to assign a cause for this particular instance. I think it highly probable, as Dr. Morgan has conjectured (Introduction to The Third Part of Henry the Sixth. The True Tragedie, etc.—page XVI. The Bankside Shakespeare, Volume XX) that the First Folio being beyond the practical resources of any one London Printing House at the date, was set up and printed in several—perhaps four—of them—and the sheets brought together for binding. This would amply account for the irregularities of the pagination. But it is of no importance at all—since it was largely corrected in the second and succeeding folios. It may be noted, however, by those curious in these technical, or disregard of technical, matters, that an attempt would seem to have been made to fill up considerable more space in the volume than the Play called for, by printing prose in broken lines as verse. (See ——).

I am inclined to agree with the Editors who have contended that this play is not entirely by Shakespeare, or if his work entirely—that certain parts were left by him in scenarie only, and written in—as to their dialogue by other hands. Wilkins and Heywood have been named as possible contributors or collaborators in this way, and conjecturally a scheme for identifying the work of each has been well worked out.

It is a mooted question just where Shakespeare got the material for this play. Some critics claim that he was familiar with the Dialogue of Lucian, which bears the name of "Timon or the Misanthrope," but, so far as we have been able to learn there was no English translation of this Dialogue prior to 1616.

We find in Plutarch's Life of Marcus Antonius the following, as rendered by North, which we think formed at least one of the sources of the play: "Antonius, he forsook the city and the company of his friends, and built him a house in the sea, by the Isle of Phoros, upon certain forced mounts, which he caused to be cast into the sea, and dwelt there as a man that had banished himself from all mens company: saying that he would lead Timon's life, because he had the like wrong offered him, that was before offered Timon: and that for the unthankfulness of those he had done good unto, and whom he took to be his friends, he was angry with all men and would trust no man." This Timon was a citizen of Athens, that lived about the war of Peloponnesus, as appeareth by Plato and Aristophanes' comedies; in the which they mocked him calling him viper and malicious man unto mankind, to shun all other mens companies, but the company of young Alcibades, a bold and insolent youth, whom he would gladly feast and make much of, and often kissed him very gladly. Apemantus wondering at it, asked him the cause what he meant to make so much of that young man alone, and to hate all others. Timon answered him "I do it," said he "because one day he shall do great mischief unto the Athenians." This Timon would sometimes have Apemantus much in his company because he was much like of his nature and conditions, and followed him in manner of life. On a time when they solemnly celebrated the feast called Choæ at Athens (to wit, the feast of the dead where they make sprinklings and sacrifices of the dead) and that they had feasted together by themselves—Apemantus said to the other—O, here is a trim banquet—Timon! Timon answered again—yea, said he, so thou wert not here. It is reported of him also that this Timon on a time (the people having assembled in the market place about despatch of some affairs) got up into the pulpit for orations where the orators commonly went to speak unto the people: and silence being made, every man listening to hear what he might say, because it was uncommon to see him in that place, at length he began to speak in this manner: "My Lords of Athens I have a little yard at my house where there groweth a fig tree, on the which many citizens have hanged themselves, and because I mean to make some building on the place, I thought good to let you all understand it that before the fig tree be cut down, if any of you be so disposed, you may go there in time to hang yourselves." At the time, most critics agree that this play must have been written, that is, Shakespeare's part of it, which was somewhere between the years 1606 and 1610, the Dramatist was interested in the graver things of life; and about this time we know he was writing

"Antony & Cleopatra;" and I have no doubt that he afterwards sketched out the stronger scenes in the play, having in mind the Timon of Plutarch as set forth in the Life of Antonius. It would seem to be a satire, pure and simple, upon the ingratitude of mankind, and to make the contrast more terrible, Timon, is placed in the acme of prosperity and is made generous and open hearted even to prodigality—he fairly lavishes himself and all he possesses upon the worthless sycophants who daily fed at his table, and praised and flattered Timon to the limit. Nor does Timon seem to crave adulation, for his nature really was generous and broad, and because of his own honest heart he thought all men as true as himself. This phase of Timon's character is necessary to understand in order to understand his terrible misanthropy of his after life, after his "lip service" friends had turned; and Timon is one of the master strokes of Shakespeare. As he was more than trustful before so he was less than a cynic after his abandonment, the pendulum had swung to the other extreme. How unlike the Timon, whose generosity was only vain glory, and whose sole aim was to be talked about as the most generous of men and to be heralded at every point by a flare of trumpets as depicted in the old play that was published by the Shakespeare Society in 1842 by Alexander Dyce, which he claims was purchased in manuscript at the sale of the library of Mr. Heber by Mr. Rodd, the bookseller, and afterwards became his property, which was supposed to have been written about the year 1600, and which has been thought may have been in Shakespeare's mind when he was writing his part of Timon of Athens. This statement of Mr. Dyce's sounds very much like a similar statement made by a much greater Shakespearian scholar, as to how he acquired of Mr. Rodd, the bookseller, the folio of 1632 with the Emendations, which caused such a furor in the literary world about the middle of the last century. And there are several things in this play which suggest a much later origin; and what would in the least resemble the "Timon of Athens" of Shakespeare might readily have been borrowed by the author of the manuscript from the Shakespearian play, for it is perfectly evident that Shakespeare could not have borrowed anything from this play; although Laches, who is a steward in the Dyce "Timon," resembles somewhat Flavius in Shakespeare's "Timon"—they both follow Timon in his retirement from Athens and serve him faithfully. But the character of Timon in the Dyce play has not the least resemblance to the Timon of Shakespeare's play, for as Timon of the Dyce play was not sincere in

his opulence neither was he sincere in his retirement, and we are not surprised to have him again return to Athens when prosperity again overtakes him. It would seem that at the banquet scene artificial artichokes and fowls, made to resemble real artichokes and fowls, were set upon the table at the banquet instead of the hot water in the covered dishes as in the Shakespeare *Timon*. And from two lines that appears in the Shakespeare play Dyce would connect the two together. The lines I refer to are the last two lines in the third act. The third lord says: "I feel it upon my bones." Whereupon the fourth lord says: "One day he gives us diamonds, the next day stones." In Shakespeare's play there is no prior reference to stones; but the hot water is thrown in the faces of the guests. While in the Dyce play the artichokes, which are real stones, are thrown by Timon and his servants and hence it is thought that Shakespeare was familiar with the stone throwing episode, when he wrote the two lines above referred to, but we think that this is far-fetched. Whatever may be the source of the play, Shakespeare's *Timon of Athens* never could have been popular; and, after a very diligent search we have been unable to find that the play, as first printed in the Folio of 1623, had ever been staged. Referring to Langbaine we find the following: "*Timon of Athens*"—his life. "This play was thought fit to be presented on the stage, with some alterations, by Mr. Shadwell, in the year 1678. I shall say more of it in the account of his works. The foundation of the story may be read in Plutarch's life of M. Antony. See besides 'Lucian's Dialogues,' etc." Of Shadwell's "*Timon of Athens*," Langbaine says: "*Timon of Athens, the Man-Hater*"—his history—"acted at the Duke's Theater, made into a play printed in quarto, London, 1678, and dedicated to the Duke of Buckingham. The play is originally Shakespeare's, but so imperfectly printed that it is not divided into acts. How much more our author has added or expunged I must leave to the examination of the less busy reader, I not having time at present to inquire into the proofs." The "person, who with the careful hand" continued the work begun by Mr. Langbaine, published a few years later than Langbaine's work, which had been published in 1691, referring to Shadwell's and does not refer to Shakespeare's *Timon* at all, "*Timon of Athens*"—says: "*Timon of Athens, or the Man-Hater*"—a Tragedy—4to, 1678, acted at the Duke's Theater, and dedicated to the late Duke of Buckingham. Most part of this play is Shakespeare's; Nay! and the critics say: "All of it that is good for anything." So it is pretty safe

to say, that prior to Shadwell's alterations, the play of "Timon of Athens" had never been acted.

From the lists of actors which is contained in the first edition of "Timon of Athens or the Man-Hater," as it was printed in 1678, and acted the same year at the Duke's theater, we find the name of Betterton in the title role while Mrs. Betterton played Evandra and Mrs. Shadwell, the wife of the author played Melissa. Mrs. Shadwell had before her marriage to the poet been an actress, and after her marriage continued to play parts in theatrical pieces. After the poet's death in 1692, the drama "The Volunteers or Stock-Jobbers," a Comedy, which had been written but never printed or acted was brought out by his widow, Anne Shadwell, who dedicated it to the queen in the following—"Madam, the little wit of our poor family, as well as the best part of the substance, perished with my husband; so that we have not where withall, worthily to express our great acknowledgment due for the support and favor we have already received, much less to publish to the world your virtues, and other endowments, both of mind and body, which in a private party would have procured the admiration of mankind, and cannot in a queen but be considered as the highest national blessing we enjoy from heaven. This consciousness of our own disability will much shorten your majesty's troubles; we shall only therefore, without more words, and with all humility and profound respect, throw this last play at your majesty's feet, begging your acceptance of it and that you would once honor it with your preference, which will be the greatest happiness that can arrive in this world to your faithful servant, my deceased husband. I am, madam, your majesty's most humble, most obedient and most faithful subject and servant, Anne Shadwell!" When this last play was finally placed on the stage, to make it more lugubrious, the epilogue was spoken by one in deep mourning, but was very laudatory of Shadwell, and would vie well with the inscription on the monument referred to later. When Charles the Second came to the throne in 1660, and the dramatists of the day were going about seeking for plays to gratify the taste of play-goers of the period, Shadwell fixed upon this play as one that he might make to conform to that age. And in the language of Southey in his "Life of Cowper:" "Shadwell boasted that he had made 'Timon of Athens' into a play. The execution was worthy of the attempt, and the attempt was worthy of Shadwell, whose bust in Westminster Abbey ought to have been cast either in lead or in brass, or in an emblematic amalgama of

the two metals. Nahum Tate, who of all my predecessors must have ranked least of the Laureats, if he had not succeeded Shadwell, adopted 'Coriolanus,' 'Richard the Second' and 'King Lear' to his own notions of dramatic propriety. Shadwell could not degrade himself, for nothing could degrade him." Southey evidently had adopted Dryden's estimate of Shadwell. But I do not think that Dryden did exact justice to Shadwell. The fact that he had been deprived of the laureatship, by the King, and this honor having been given to his worst enemy—Shadwell, probably blinded him to what merits Shadwell may have had. The bust that Southey refers to in the above quotation, was erected to the memory of Thomas Shadwell by his son, John Shadwell. It was in the form of a pyramid, upon which was engraved in Greek the following words; the English translation of which is as follows: "Scene—All Life and Comedy." And upon the stone the following inscription appeared in Latin. I give the English translation "Peace to the ashes of Thomas Shadwell, armour bearer, sprung from ancient race in the County of Stafford. He made their gifts of lasting popularity train his mind to write. This gift of poetry he used, that what dramas he wrote might make fun of popular follies, and might cure a wretched custom; that they might please, and at the same time be of benefit; for he considered it greater praise to be considered a good citizen than to be ranked among the leading poets. Then in the reign of William III he deserved and distinguished the titles of Poet Laureat, and Royal Historiographer. He died November 19th at the age of 52. May his ashes rest in peace. In perpetual memory of his piety.

John Shadwell, M. D.
Son of Thomas."

This inscription appeared in the first collected edition of Shadwell's works which appeared in 1720. It may be that Thomas Shadwell's son was partial to the memory of his father, and that he has overrated his poetical ability, as Dryden had underrated it. It is certainly true that Shadwell's dramas did make sport of popular follies, that they might cure the wretched custom that prevailed during that era of this period. He seems to have been proud of his making "Timon of Athens" into a play, and he refers to his pride in it, in its dedication to the Duke of Buckingham, as well as in the prologue of the play. In what way then did Shadwell make "Timon of Athens" into a play?

In Shakespeare's play there are no women, unless the two mistresses that follow Alcibiades may be regarded as women. But during the age of Charles II it was impossible to have a successful play unless there were women and love in it. So now Shadwell introduces the characters of Evandra and Melissa. Evandra is a highminded, beautiful woman, but who loved Timon more than she loved her honor. Melissa is a fair daughter of a rich senator, and was a strickler for all the forms; and so long as Timon was wealthy and famous was ready to marry him; but as soon as Timon's wealth had flown, she discarded him with just as much readiness. It was a crime, in the eyes of Melissa, to be poor. She had been, before her engagement to Timon, in love with Alcibiades; and after Timon's wealth had flown, she sought to return to Alcibiades, who, hearing of her treachery to Timon, repudiated her entirely. And when Melissa afterwards learned that Timon had found great wealth in the woods, she was very anxious to be restored again to favor. Evandra, who like Timon reserved nothing from a friend, had surrendered all to Timon; and now when Timon was poor, she gave up her own wealth to follow him into the desert. Knowing that he was afflicted was more unbearable to her than all she had suffered from his inconstancy; and having a small fortune of her own, she hastened with all love and affection to lay it at his feet and once more reconcile him to the world of which he has now grown weary. By her behavior he experienced the difference in women, and reproached the inconstancy of his sex, which led him to throw away a jewel of such inestimable worth in exchange for a pebble, such as Melissa. Yet his character was such that it would not permit him to accept any obligation from the person he had so greatly wronged. He thanks Evandra; he praises, and vows an everlasting esteem for her uncommon virtue; he pretends he has designs to re-establish himself again, and promises to communicate them to her hereafter, and prevails upon her to leave him. Looking afterwards into his affairs, and finding that all the treasures of which he had lately been master were dissipated, and that of the numbers he had obliged, not one had gratitude enough to do him even the smallest service, he determined to quit Athens forever; but before he goes he puts in practice a little strategem. He causes the report to be spread, that by a new accession of fortune he has become more opulent than ever. The mercenary troop who before had foisted themselves upon his generosity, began again to flock around him, each one offering an excuse for his past actions, and promising *now*, that their lives and fortunes were

wholly at his service. He seems to give credit to what they say, and accepts their excuses, and invites them again to his house at an appointed hour. The supposed dinner is served in covered dishes, which, when they eagerly lift up, they find, instead of food, only toads, snakes, scorpions and such other venomous animals; but evidently fearing that this would not be strong enough to express his mind, he upbraids ingratitude, avarice and hypocrisy on the part of all present; and then, with the assistance of the servants who had remained faithful to him, drives them out of the house in such a way as their treatment of him had merited. After this entertainment Timon, after cursing Athens, its senators and its citizens, turns his back upon the ungrateful town and seeks refuge in the woods; where Evandra, not hearing from Timon, no sooner learns of his departure, than she disdains to stay in a place so unworthy of her beloved lord, turns all her effects into money, and follows him to his retreat. And as she cannot persuade him to quit his solitary life, she resolves to share it with him, exchanging the splendors of the great city for the wilderness; all the luxuries of life in the rich city of Athens for roots, water and a cold mossy bed. Quite differently did Melissa pass her days. Alcibiades having returned from his banishment, without his sentence having been repealed by the senate—his return was partly induced by his desire of seeing Melissa, and partly to obtain pardon for a dear friend who had been condemned to die. When he returned to Athens, Melissa not doubting but that he would be reinstated in all of his grandeur, received him with open arms, protesting that she had not enjoyed one happy moment since his departure. But the Senate could not overlook his return before the decree banishing him had been set aside, not only refused him the life of his friend, but ordered him into a second retirement, or banishment; and on pain of death he was commanded to quit Athens in two hours. This time he hoped to pass with his adored Melissa; but Melissa, again hearing of his disgrace, treated him as she before had treated Timon. And Alcibiades then left Athens feeling as much incensed against the City as Timon had been. In the meantime it had been reported to the citizens of Athens that Timon had come into possession of great wealth; and the people and Senators of Athens came out to see him. He spurned them all, as he was resolved to shun mankind for ever. And he spent the rest of his days in building a tomb with his own hands. When he found that death was ready to seize him, he went into the tomb and there died. Evandra, no sooner saw that life had left the body of Timon than she plunged a dagger

in her breast, and died by his side. In the meantime also Alcibiades revenged his cause on the Athenians, and would have laid the city level with the earth, had not the senators, themselves unable to resist, entreated mercy, which he refused to grant on any other terms than that all there appear before him with halters around their necks; and the senators were so abject that they complied even with this; and they sued to Alcibiades in the most pity-moving words their orators could dictate. Melissa, now that Alcibiades's star was in the ascendant, did not doubt but that her beauty still maintained its former power over him, and she came there to meet him, attended and appareled like a bride, with smiles, allurements and graces, and every soft and endearing blandishments of love, she came to the place where she beholds Alcibiades surrounded by an admiring crowd. But Alcibiades repels her proffered embraces, throws her away from him like some loathsome thing, upbraids her usage of Timon and of himself as well, and compels her, though too late, to be sensible that no outward appearances can compensate for a base, dishonorable and mercenary soul.

This is in brief how Shadwell's play of "Timon of Athens" differs from that of Shakespeare. Shadwell gives Greek names to the characters in place of the Latin names given by Shakespeare. Some new characters are brought in; for instance, a musician is added to the number of those living on the liberality of Timon. The character of Demetrius, who was the Flavius of Shakespeare's "Timon," does not equal Flavius; and Shadwell has spoiled Demetrius by making him faithless in the end.

There is considerable power in the scenes in which Melissa and Evandra appear; for Shadwell was a great deal better dramatist than Dryden would have us think; as a revision of Shakespeare, however, this play is a failure; still it is not so bad as some manufactured by great men, for example, by D'Avenant and Dryden.

One of Shakespeare's characters to suffer, in my judgment, is the character of Apemantus. Shakespeare makes him a snarling cynic, and I think used him as a foil to Timon's open-heartedness, and generous nature. He distinctly losses this character in Shadwell's play.

But here are the plays, both that of Shadwell, and that of Shakespeare, put side by side; and the student can readily compare the merits and demerits of the two.

WILLIS VICKERY.



THE LIFE OF TIMON OF ATHENS.



THE
HISTORY
OF
Timon of Athens,
THE
MAN-HATER.

As it is acted at the
DUKES THEATRE.

Made into a
PLAY.

By *THO. SHADWELL.*

Licenced, *Feb. 18. 167⁸.* Ro. *L'Estrange.*

LONDON,

Printed by *J. M.* for *Henry Herringman*, at the *Blue Anchor*
in the *Lower Walk of the New-Exchange*, 1678.



To the Most
ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE
G E O R G E
DUKE of *BVCKINGHAM*, &c.

May it please your Grace,

Nothing could ever contribute more to my having a good opinion of my self, than the being favour'd by your Grace: The thought of which has so exalted me, that I can no longer conceal my Pride from the World; but must publish the Joy I receive in having so noble a Patron, and one so excelling in Wit and Judgment; Qualities which even your Enemies could never doubt of, or detract from. And which make all good men and men of sense admire you, and none but Fools and ill men fear you for 'em. I am extreamly sensible what honour it is to me that my Writings are approved by your Grace; who in your own have so clearly shewn the excellency of Wit and Judgment in your Self, and so justly the defect of 'em in others, that they at once serve for the greatest example, and the sharpest reproof. And no man who has perfectly understood the *Rehearsal*, and some other of your Writings, if he has any *Genius* at all, can write ill after it.

I pretend not of an Epistle to make a Declamation upon these and your other excellent Qualities. For naming the Duke of *Buckingham* is enough: who cannot have greater commendations from me than all who have the honor to know him already give him. Amongst which number I think it my greatest happiness to be one, and can never be prouder of any thing can

arrive to me, than of the honour of having been admitted sometimes into your Graces Conversation, the most charming in the World. I am now to present your Grace with this History of *Timon*, which you were pleased to tell me you liked, and it is the more worthy of you, since it has the inimitable hand of *Shakespeare* in it, which never made more Masterly strokes than in this. Yet I can truly say, I have made it into a Play. Which I humbly lay at your feet, begging the continuance of your Favour, which no man can value more than I shall ever do, who am unfeignedly,

My Lord,

Your Graces

Most Obedient,

humble Servant,

THO. SHADWELL.

Prologue

TO

TIMON.

*S*ince the bare gleanings of the stage are grown |
 The only portion for brisk Wits o'th' Town |
 We mean such as have no crop of their own; |

*Methinks you should encourage them that sow,
 Who are to match and gather what does grow.*

*Thus a poor Poet must maintain a Muse,
 As you do Mistresses for others use:*

*The wittiest Play can serve him but one day,
 Though for three months it finds you what to say.*

*Yet you your Creditors of wit will fail,
 And never pay, but borrow on and rail.*

*Poor Echo's can repeat wit, though they've none, |
 Like Bag-pipes they no sound have of their own, |
 Till some into their emptiness be blown. |*

Yet——

*To be thought Wits and Judges they're so glad,
 And labour for't, as if they were Wit-mad.*

*Some will keep Tables for the Wits o'th' Nation,
 And Poets eat them into reputation.*

*Some Scriblers will Wit their whole bus'ness make,
 For labour'd dullness grievous pains will take;*

*And when with many Throes they've travail'd long,
 They now and then bring forth a Foolish Song.*

*One Fop all modern Poets will condemn,
 And by this means a parlous Judg will seem.*

*Wit is a common Idol, and in vain
Fops try a thousand wayes the name to gain.
Pray judge the nauseous Farces of the Age,
And meddle not with sence upon the Stage;
To you our Poet no one line submits,
Who such a Coil will keep to be thought Wits:
'Tis you who truly are so, he would please;
But knows it is not to be done with ease.
In the Art of Judging you as wise are grown,
As in their choice some Ladies of the Town.
Your neat shap't Barbary Wits you will despise,
And none but lusty Sinewy Writers prize.
Old English Shakespear stomahs you have to still,
And judge as our Fore-fathers writ with skill.
You Coin the Wit, the Witlings of the Town
Retailers are, that spread it up and down;
Set but your stamp upon't, though it be brass,
With all the Wou'd-be-Wits, 'twill currant pass,
Try it to day and we are sure 'twill hit,
All to your Sovereign Empire must submit.*

THE ACTORS NAMES.

TYMON of Athens.

Lucius, And

Lucullus, two Flattering Lords.

Appemantus, a Churlish Philosopher.

Sempronius another flattering Lord.

Alcibiades, an Athenian Captaine.

Poet.

Painter.

Jeweller.

Merchant.

Certaine Senatours.

Certaine Maskers.

Certaine Theeues.

Flaminius, one of Tymons Seruants.

Servilius, another.

Caphis.

Varro.

Philo.

Seuerall Seruants to

Titus.

Vfurers.

Lucius.

Hortensis

Ventigius, one of Tymons false Friends

Cupid.

Sempronius.

With diuers other Seruants,

And Attendants.

Timon of Athens.		Mr. Smith.
Alcibiades, an Athenian Captain.		Mr. Harris.
Apemantus, a Rigid Philosopher.		Mr. Betterton.
Nicias.		Mr. Sandford.
Phæax.		Mr. Vnderhill.
Ælius.		Mr. Leigh.
Cleon.	Senators of Athens.	Mr. Norris.
Ifander.		Mr. Percival.
Ifidore.		Mr. Gillo.
Thrafillus.		
Demetrius, Timons Steward.		Mr. Medburne.
Diphilus, Servant to Timon.		Mr. Bowman.
Old man.		Mr. Richards.
Poet.		Mr. Jewon.
Painter.		
Jeweller.		
Musician.		
Merchant.		
Evandra.		Mrs. Betterton.
Meliffa.		Mrs. Shadwell.
Chloe.		Mrs. Gibbs.
Thais.	Mistresses to Alcibiades.	Mrs. Seymor.
Phrinias.		Mrs. Le-Grand.
Servants.		
Messengers.		
Several Masqueraders.		
Souldiers.		

Scene Athens.

THE LIFE OF TYMON OF ATHENS.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Mercer, at severall doores.

Poet.

Good day Sir.

Pain. I am glad y'are well.

Poet. I haue not feene you long, how goes the World?

Pain. It weares fir, as it growes.

Poet. I that's well knowne:

But what particular Rarity? What ftrange,
Which manifold record not matches: fee
Magicke of Bounty, all these fpirits thy power
Hath coniur'd to attend.

I know the Merchant.

Pain. I know them both: th'others a Jeweller.

Mer. O 'tis a worthy Lord.

Jew. Nay that's moft fixt.

Mer. A moft incomparable man, breath'd as it were,
To an vntyreable and continue goodneffe:
He paffes.

Jew. I haue a Jewell heere.

Mer. O pray let's fee't. For the Lord *Timon*, fir?

Jewel. If he will touch the estimate. But for that——

Poet. When we for recompence haue prais'd the vild,
It ftaines the glory in that happy Verfe,
Which aptly fings the good.

Mer. 'Tis a good forme.

Jewel. And rich: heere is a Water looke ye.

Pain. You are rapt fir, in fome worke, fome Dedication to the great
Lord.

Timon of Athens,

OR THE

MAN-HATER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Demetrius.

Dem. **H**ow strange it is to see my Riotous Lord
With careless Luxury betray himself!
To Feast and Revel all his hours away;
Without account how fast his Treasure ebbs,
How slowly flows, and when I warn'd him of
His following dangers, with his rigorous frowns

He nipt my growing honesty i'th' Bud,
And kill'd it quite; and well for me he did so.
It was a barren Stock would yield no Fruit:
But now like Evil Councillours I comply,
And lull him in his soft Lethargick life.
And like such curst Politicians can
Share in the head-long ruine, and will rise by't:
What vast rewards to nauseous Flatterers,
To Pimps, and Women, what Estates he gives!
And shall I have no share? Be gon, all Honesty,
Thou foolish, slender, threadbare, starving thing, be gon!

Poet. A thing flipt idely from me.
Our Poefie is as a Gowne, which vſes
From whence 'tis nourifht: the fire i'th'Flint
Shewes not, till it be ſtrooke: our gentle flame
Prouokes it ſelf, and like the currant flyes
Each bound it chafes. What haue you there?

Pain. Picture fir: when comes your Booke forth?

Poet. Vpon the heeles of my preſentment fir.
Let's ſee your peece.

Pain. 'Tis a good Peece.

Poet. So 'tis, this comes off well, and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable: How this grace
Speakes his owne ſtanding: what a mentall power
This eye ſhootes forth? How bigge imagination
Moues in this Lip, to th'dumbneſſe of the geſture,
One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life:
Heere is a touch: Is't good?

Poet. I will ſay of it,
It Tutors Nature, Artificial ſtrife
Liues in theſe touches, liuerlier then life.

Enter Poet.

Here's a fellow-horfeleech: How now Poet, how goes the world?

Poet. Why, it wears as it grows: but is Lord *Timon* visible?

Dem. Hee'll come out suddenly, what have you to present him?

Poet. A little Off-spring of my fruitful Muse: She's in travel daily for his honour.

Dem. For your own profit, you grofs flatterer.

By him damn'd Panegyricks he has written

[*Afide.*

Himself up to my Lords Table,

Which he seldom fails; nay, into his Chariot,

Where he in publick does not blush to own

The fordid Scribler.

Poet. The last thing I presented my Noble Lord was Epigram: But this is in Heroick style.

Dem. What d'ye mean by style? that of good fence is all alike; that is to say, with apt and easie words, not one too little or too much: And this I think good style.

Poet. O Sir, you are wide o'th' matter! apt and easie!
Heroicks must be lofty and high founding;
No easie language in Heroick Verse;
'Tis most unfit: for should I name a Lion,
I must not in Heroicks call him so!

Dem. What then?

Poet. I'de as soon call him an As. No thus——
The fierce *Numidian* Monarch of the Beasts.

Dem. That's lofty, is it?

Poet. O yes! but a Lion would sound so badly, not to be
Endur'd, and a Bull too—but
The mighty Warriour of the horned Race:
Ah—how that sounds!

Dem. Then I perceive sound's the great matter in this way.

Poet. Ever while you live.

Dem. How would you sound a Fox as you call it?

Poet. A Fox is but a scurvey Beast for Heroick Verse.

Dem. Hum—is it so? how will a Raven do in Heroick?

Poet. Oh very well, Sir.

That black and dreadful fate-denouncing fowl.

Dem. An excellent found—But let me see your Piece.

Poet. I'll read it—'Tis a good morrow to the Lord *Timon*.

Dem. Do you make good morrow found loftily?

Poet. Oh very loftily! ———

*The fringed Vallance of your eyes advance,
Shake off your Canopy'd and downie trance:
Phœbus already quaffs the morning dew,
Each does his daily lease of life renew.*

Now you shall hear description, 'tis the very life of Poetry.

*He darts his beams on the Larks mossie-house,
And from his quiet tenement does rouse
The little charming and harmonious Fowl,
Which sings its lump of Body to a Soul:
Swiftly it clambers up in the steep air
With marbling throat, and makes each noat a stair.*

There's rapture for you! hah!——

Dem. Very fine.

Poet. *This the sollicitous Lover straight alarms,
Who too long slumber'd in his Coelia's arms:
And now the swelling Spunges of the night
With aking heads stagger from their delight:
Slovenly Taylors to their needles hast:
Already now the moving shops are plac'd
By those who crop the treasures of the fields,
And all those Gems the ripening Summer yields.*

Who d'ye think are now? Why——Nothing but Herb-women: there are fine lofty expressions for Herb-women! ha!— Already now, &c.

Dem. But what's all this to my Lord?

Poet. No, that's true, 'tis description though.

Dem. Yes, in twenty lines to describe to him that 'tis about

The fourth hour in the morning——I'll in and let
Him know in three words 'tis the seventh.

[*Exit Demetrius.*]

Enter Mufician.

Poet. Good morning Sir: whither this way?

Muf. To present his Honour with a piece of Mufick.

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. My Lord will soon come out.

Poet. He's the very spirit of Nobility——
And like the Sun when ever he breaks forth,
His Universal bounty falls on all.

Enter Merchant, Jeweller, Painter, and several others.

Jewell. Good morrow Gentlemen.

Paint. Save you all.

Dem. Now they begin to swarm about the house!

Poet. What confluence the worthy *Timon* draws?
Magick of bounty——These familiar Spirits
Are conjur'd up by thee.

Merch. 'Tis a splendid Jewel.

Jewel. 'Tis of an excellent water.

Poet. What have you there, Sir?

Paint. It is a Picture Sir, a dumb piece of Poetry: but you present a
speaking Poem.

Poet. I have a little thing flit idly from me:
The fire within the flint shews not it self
Till it be struck; our gentle flame provokes
It self——

Dem. You write so scurvily, the Devil's in any man that provokes
You, but your self.

Poet. It is a pretty mocking of the life.

Paint. So, so.

Dem. Now must these Rascals be presented all,
As if they had sav'd his honour or his life;
And I must have a feeling in the business.

Enter certaine Senators.

Pain. How this Lord is followed.

Poet. The Senators of Athens, happy men.

Pain. Looke moe.

Po. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors,
I haue in this rough worke, fhap'd out a man
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hugge
With ampleft entertainment: My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moues it felfe
In a wide Sea of wax, no leuell'd malice
Infects one comma in the courfe I hold,
But flies an Eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leauing no Tract behinde.

Pain. How fhall I vnderftand you?

Poet. I will vnboult to you.

You see how all Conditions, how all Mindes,
As well of glib and flipp'ry Creatures, as
Of Graue and auftere qualitie, tender downe
Their feruices to Lord *Timon*: his large Fortune,
Vpon his good and gracious Nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his loue and tendance
All forts of hearts; yea, from the glaiffe-fac'd Flatterer
To *Apemantus*, that few things loues better
Then to abhorre himfelfe; euen hee drops downe
The knee before him, and returnes in peace
Moft rich in *Timons* nod.

Pain. I faw them fpeake together.

Poet. Sir, I haue vpon a high and pleafant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd.

The Bafe o'thMount

Is rank'd with all deferts, all kinde of Natures
That labour on the bofome of this Sphere,
To propagate their ftates; among't them all,
Whofe eyes are on this Soueraigne Lady fixt,
One do I perfonate of Lord *Timons* frame,
Whom Fortune wth her Iuory hand wafts to her,

Enter certain Senators going in to Timon.

Poet. How this Lord is follow'd!

[Enter more who pass over.]

Paint. See more, well, he's a noble spirit!

Jewel. A most worthy Lord!

Poet. What a flood of Visitors his bounty draws!

Dem. You see how all conditions, how all minds,
As well of glib and flippery Creatures, as
Of grave and austere quality, present
Their services to Lord *Timons* prosperous fortune.
He to his good and gracious nature does subdue
All sorts of tempers, from the smooth fac'd flatterer
To *Apemantus*, that Philosophical Churl
Who hates the world, and does almost abhor
Himself——

Paint. He is a most excellent Lord, and makes the finest Picture!

Poet. The joy of all mankind; deserves a *Homer* for his Poet.

Jewel. A most accomplished person!

Poet. The Glory of the Age!

Paint. Above all parallel!

Dem. And yet these Rogues, were this man poor, would fly him,
As I would them, if I were he.

[Soft Musick.]

Poet. Here's excellent Musick!

In what delights he melts his hours away!

Whose present grace, to present slaues and seruants
 Tranflates his Riuals.

Pain. 'Tis concey'd, to scope
 This Throne, this Fortune, and this Hill me thinkes
 With one man becken'd from the rest below,
 Bowing his head against the steepe Mount
 To climbe his happineffe, would be well exprest
 In our Condition.

Poet. Nay Sir, but heare me on:
 All those which were his Fellowes but of late,
 Some better then his vaw; on the moment
 Follow his strides, his Lobbies fill with tendance,
 Raine Sacrificial whisperings in his eare,
 Make Sacred euen his styrtrop, and through him
 Drinks the free Ayre.

Pain. I marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune in her shift and change of mood
 Spurnes downe her late beloued; all his Dependants
 Which labour'd after him to the Mountaines top,
 Euen on their knees and hand, let him sit downe,
 Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. Tis common:
 A thousand morall Paintings I can shew,
 That shall demonstrate these quicke blowes of Fortunes,
 More pregnantly then words. Yet you do well,
 To shew Lord *Timon*, that meane eyes haue seene
 The foot about the head.

Trumpets found.

Enter Lord Timon, addressing himselfe courteously to every Sutor.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Meſ. I my good Lord, five Talents is his debt,
 His meaneſt moſt ſhort, his Creditors moſt ſtraite:
 Your Honourable Letter he deſires
 To thoſe haue ſhut him vp, which failing,
 Periods his comfort.

Enter Timon and Senators, Timon addressing himself courteously to all.

Tim. My Lord, you wrong your self, and 'bate too much
Of your own merits: 'Tis but a trifle.

Ælius. With more than common thanks I must receive it.

Isidore. Your Lordship has the very foul of bounty.

Phæax. You load us with too many Obligations.

Tim. I never can oblige my friends too much.

Tim. Noble *Ventidius* well:

I am not of that Feather, to shake off
My Friend when he must neede me. I do know him
A Gentleman, that well deserues a helpe,
Which he shall haue. Ile pay the debt, and free him.

Mef. Your Lordship euer bindes him.

Tim. Commend me to him, I will fend his ranfome,
And being enfranchized bid him come to me;
'Tis not enough to helpe the Feeble vp,
But to support him after. Fare you well.

Mef. All happineffe to your Honor.

Exit.

My Lord, I remember you the other day
Commended a Bay Courfer which I rode on.
He's yours, because you lik'd him.

Phœax. I beseech your Lordship pardon me in this.

Tim. My word is past: is there ought else you like?
I know my Lord, no man can justly praise
But what he does affect; and I must weigh
My Friends affections with my own:
So kindly I receive your visits, Lords:
My heart is not enough to give, me thinks,
I could deal Kingdoms to my Friends and ne're be weary.

Ælius. We all must stand amaz'd at your vast bounty!

Cleon. The spirit of Magnificence reigns in you!

Phœax. Your Bounty's as diffusive as the Sea.

Tim. My Noble Lords, you do me too much honour.

Isand. There lives not such a Noble Lord on Earth.

Thrasil. None but the Sun and He oblige without
A prospect of Return.

Enter a Messenger and whispers Timon.

Tim. *Lampridius* imprison'd! say you?

Mess. Yes, my good Lord, five Talents is his debt:
His Means are short, his Creditors most strict,
He begs your Letter to those cruel men,
That may preserve him from his utter ruine.

Tim. I am not of that temper to shake off
My Friend when most he needs me: I know him,
A Gentleman that well deserves my help;
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt and free him.

Mess. Your Lordship ever binds him to your service.

Tim. Commend me to him, I will send his Ransom,
And when he's free, bid him depend on me:
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after——tell him so.

Mess. All happiness to your honour.

[Exit Messenger.]

Enter an old Athenian.

Oldm. Lord *Timon*, heare me speake.

Tim. Freely good Father.

Oldm. Thou hast a Seruant nam'd *Lucillus*.

Tim. I haue so: What of him?

Oldm. Most Noble *Timon*, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he heere, or no? *Lucillius*.

Luc. Heere at your Lordships seruice.

Oldm. This Fellow heere, L. *Timon*, this thy Creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first haue beene inclin'd to thrift,
And my estate deserues an Heyre more rais'd,
Then one which holds a Trencher.

Tim. Well: what further?

Old. One onely Daughter haue I, no Kin else,
On whom I may conferre what I haue got:
The Maid is faire, a'th'youngest for a Bride,
And I haue bred her at my deereſt coſt
In Qualities of the beſt. This man of thine
Attempts her loue: I prythee (Noble Lord)
Ioyne with me to forbid him her reſort,
My ſelfe haue ſpoke in vaine.

Tim. The man is honeſt.

Oldm. Therefore he will be *Timon*,
His honeſty rewards him in it ſelfe,
It muſt not beare my Daughter.

Tim. Does ſhe loue him?

Oldm. She is yong and apt:
Our owne precedent paſſions do inſtruct vs
What leuities in youth.

Tim. Loue you the Maid?

Luc. I my good Lord, and ſhe accepts of it.

Oldm. If in her Marriage my conſent be miſſing,
I call the Gods to witneſſe, I will chooſe
Mine heyre from forth the Beggars of the world,
And diſpoſſeſſe her all.

Enter an Old Athenian.

Old Man. My Lord, pray hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good Father.

Old Man. You have a Servant nam'd *Diphilus*.

Tim. I have so, that is he.

Old Man. That fellow there by night frequents my house,
I am a man that from my first have been
Inclin'd to thrift, and my Estate deserves
A nobler Heir than one that holds a trencher.

Tim. Go on.

Old Man. I have an only Daughter: no Kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The Maid is fair, o'th' youngest for a Bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost.
This man attempts her love; pray my good Lord
Joyn with me to forbid him; I have often
Told him my mind in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Man. His honesty rewards him in himself;
It must not bear my Daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Man. She is young and apt.

Tim. Do you love her?

Diffil. Yes, my good Lord, and she accepts of mine.

Old Man. If to her marriage my consent be wanting,
I call the gods to witness, I will make
The Beggars of the street my Heirs e're she
Shall have a drachma.

Tim. This Gentleman of mine has serv'd me long;
There is a duty from a Master too:
To build his Fortune I will strain a little,
Whate're your Daughters Portion weighs, this
Mans shall counterpoise.

Old Man. Say you so my Noble Lord! upon your honour
This, and she is his.

Tim. Give me thy hand: my Honour on my promise.

Tim. How shall she be endowed,
If she be mated with an equal Husband?

Oldm. Three Talents on the present; in future, all.

Tim. This Gentleman of mine
Hath seru'd me long:
To build his Fortune, I will straine a little,
For 'tis a Bond in men. Giue him thy Daughter,
What you bestow, in him Ile counterpoize,
And make him weigh with her.

Oldm. Most Noble Lord,
Pawne me to this your Honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee,
Mine Honour on my promise.
Luc. Humbly I thanke your Lordship, neuer may
That state or Fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to you.

Exit.

Poet. Vouchsafe my Labour,
And long liue your Lordship.
Tim. I thanke you, you shall heare from me anon:
Go not away. What haue you there, my Friend?

Pain. A peace of Painting, which I do beseech
Your Lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The Painting is almost the Naturall man:
For since Dishonor Traffickes with mans Nature,
He is but out-side: These Pensil'd Figures are
Euen such as they giue out. I like your worke,
And you shall finde I like it; Waite attendance
Till you heare further from me.

Pain. The Gods preferue ye.

Tim. Well fare you Gentleman: giue me your hand.
We must needs dine together: fir your Iewell
Hath suffered vnder praise.

Iewel. What my Lord, dispraise?

Tim. A meere faciety of Commendations,
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extold,
It would vnclaw me quite.

Diffil. My Noble Lord, I thank you on my knees:
May I be as miserable as I shall be base
When I forget this most surprizing favour:
No Fortune or Estate shall e're be mine,
Which I'll not humbly lay before your feet.

Tim. Rife. I ne're do good with prospect of return,
That were but merchandizing, a mere trade
Of putting kindness out to use.

Poet. Vouchsafe to accept my labours, and long live your Lordship.

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:
What have you there my friend?

Paint. A piece of Limning for your Lordship.

Tim. 'Tis welcome. I like it, and you shall find I do.

Jewel. My Lord, here is the Jewel!

Tim. 'Tis Excellent!

Iewel. My Lord, 'tis rated
As thofe which fell would giue: but you well know,
Things of like valew differing in the Owners,
Are prized by their Mafters. Beleeu't deere Lord,
You mend the Iewell by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Enter Apermantus.

Mer. No my good Lord, he fpeakes ye common toong
Which all men fpeake with him.

Tim. Looke who comes heere, will you be chid?

Iewel. Wee'l beare with your Lordfhip.

Mer. Hee'l fpare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee,

Gentle *Apermantus*.

Ape. Till I be gentle, ftay thou for thy good morrow.
When thou art *Timons* dogge, and thefe Knaues honeft.

Tim. Why doft thou call them Knaues, thou know'ft them not?

Ape. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Ape. Then I repent not.

Iew. You know me, *Apemantus*?

Ape. Thou know'ft I do, I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud *Apemantus*?

Ape. Of nothing fo much, as that I am not like *Timon*

Tim. Whether art going?

Ape. To knocke out an honeft Athenians braines.

Tim. That's a deed thou't dye for.

Ape. Right, if doing nothing be death by th'Law.

Tim. How lik'ft thou this picture *Apemantus*?

Ape. The beft, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it.

Ape. He wrought better that made the Painter, and yet he's but a filthy
peece of worke.

Pain. Y'are a Dogge.

Ape. Thy Mothers of my generation: what's fhe, if I be a Dogge?

Tim. Wilt dine with me *Apemantus*?

Ape. No: I eate not Lords.

Tim. And thou fhould'ft, thoud'ft anger Ladies.

Enter Apemantus.

Jewel. Your Lordship mends the Jewel by the wearing.

Tim. Well mock't.

Poet. No, my good Lord, he speaks what all men think.

Apem. Scum of all flatterers, wilt thou still persist
For filthy gain, to gild and vanish o're
This great Man's Vanities!

Tim. Nay, now we must be chidden.

Poet. I can bear with your Lordship.

Apem. Yes, and without him too: vain credulous *Timon*,
If thou believ'st this Knave, thou'art a fool.

Tim. Well, gentle *Apemantus*, good morrow to thee.

Apem. Till, I am gentle; stay for thy good morrow
Till thou art *Timon's* dog, and these Knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them Knaves?

Apem. They're *Athenians*, and I'll not recant;
Th'are all base Fawners; what a coile is here
With smiling, cringing, jutting out of Bums:
I wonder whether all the legs they make
Are worth the fumes they cost you; friendship's full
Of dregs; base filthy dregs.

Thus honest fools lay out their wealth for cringes.

Ælius. Do you know us fellow?

Apem. Did I not call you by your names?

Tim. Thou preacheest against Vice, and thou thy self art proud *Apemantus*.

Apem. Proud! that I am not *Timon*.

Tim. Why so?

Apem. To give belief to flatt'ring Knaves and Poets,
And to be still my self my greatest flatterer:
What should Great Men be proud of stead of noise
And pomp and show, and holding up their heads,
And cocking of their noses; pleas'd to see

Ape. O they eate Lords;
So they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a lasciuious apprehenfion.

Ape. So, thou apprehend't it,
Take it for thy labor.

Tim. How doft thou like this Iewell, *Apemantus*?

Ape. Not fo well as plain-dealing, which wil not caft a man a Doit.

Tim. What doft thou thinke 'tis worth?

Ape. Not worth my thinking.

How now Poet?

Poet. How now Philofopher?

Ape. Thou lyeft.

Poet. Art not one?

Ape. Yes.

Poet. Then I lye not.

Ape. Art not a Poet?

Poet. Yes.

Ape. Then thou lyeft:

Looke in thy laft worke, where thou haft feign'd him a worthy Fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is fo.

Ape. Yes he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour. He that loues to be flattered, is worthy o'th flatterer. Heauens, that I were a Lord.

Tim. What wouldft do then *Apermantus*?

Ape. E'ne as *Apemantus* does now, | hate a Lord with my heart.

Tim. What thy felfe?

Ape. I.

Tim. Wherefore?

Ape. That I had no angry wit to be a Lord. |

Art not thou a Merchant?

Mer. I *Apermantus*.

Ape. Traffick confound thee, if the Gods will not.

Mer. If Trafficke do it, the Gods do it.

Ape. Traffickes thy God, & thy God confound thee.

Trumpet founds. Enter a Meffenger.

Tim. What Trumpets that?

Mef. 'Tis *Alcibiades*, and fome twenty Horfe
All of Companionfhip.

Bafe fmiling Knaves, and cringing fools bow to 'em?
Did they but fee their own ridiculous folly,
Their mean and abfurd vanities; they'd hide
Their heads within fome dark and little corner,
And be afraid that every fool fhould find 'em.

Tim. Thou haft too much fowernefs in thy blood.

Poet. Hang him,——n'er mind him——

Apem. What is this foolifh animal man, that we
Should magnifie him fo? a little warm,
And walking Earth that will be afhes foon;
We come into the world crying and fqualling,
And fo much of our time's confum'd in driv'ling infancy,
In ignorance fleep, difeafe and trouble, that
The remainder is not worth the being rear'd to.

Phæax. A preaching fool.

Apem. A fool? if thou hadft half my wit thou'dft find
Thy felf an Afs! Is it not truth I fpeak?
Are not all the arts and fubtleties of men,
All their Inventions, all their Sciences,
All their Diverfions, all their Sports, little enough
To pafs away their happieft hours with,
And make a heavy life be born with patience?

Tim. I with the help of friends will make mine eafier
Than what your melancholy frames.

Apem. How little doft thou look before thee!
Thou, who tak'ft fuch great felicity in Fools and Knaves,
And in thy own enjoyments, wilt e're long
Find 'em fuch thin, fuch poor and empty fhadows,
That thou wilt wifh thou never hadft been born.

Tim. I do not think fo.

Phæax. Hang him, fend him to the *Areopagus*, and let him
Be whipt!

Apem. Thus innocence, truth and merit often fuffer,
Whil'ft injurers, oppreffors and defertlefs fools
Swell in their brief authority, look big
And ftrut in Furs; 'tis a foul fhame,
But 'tis a loathfome Age,——it has been long

Tim. Pray entertaine them, giue them guide to vs.
 You must needs dine with me: go not you hence
 Till I haue thank't you: when dinners done
 Shew me this peece, I am joyfull of your fights.

Enter Alcibiades with the rest.

Most welcome Sir.

Ape. So, so; their Aches contract, and sterue your supple ioynts: that
 there should bee small loue amongest these sweet Knaues, and all this
 Curtesie. The straine of mans bred out into Baboon and Monkey.

Alic. Sir, you haue sau'd my longing, and I feed
 Most hungerly on your fight.

Tim. Right welcome Sir:
 Ere we depatt, wee'l share a bounteous time
 In different pleasures.
 Pray you let vs in.

Exeunt.

Enter two Lords.

1 *Lord.* What time a day is't *Apemantus*?

Ape. Time to be honest.

1 That time serues itill.

Ape. The most accur'd thou that itill omit't it.

2 Thou art going to Lord *Timons* Feast.

Ape. I, to see meate fill Knaues, and Wine heat fooles.

2 Farthee well, farthee well.

Ape. Thou art a Foole to bid me farewell twice.

2 Why *Apemantus*?

Ape. Should't haue kept one to thy selfe, for I meane to giue thee none.

1 Hang thy selfe.

Ape. No I will do nothing at thy bidding:
 Make thy requests to thy Friend.

2 Away vnpeaceable Dogge,

Or Ile spurne thee hence.

Ape. I will flye like a dogge, the heeles a'th'Affe.

1 Hee's opposite to humanity.

Comes shall we in,
 And taste Lord *Timons* bountie: he out-goes
 The verie heart of kindnesse.

Impoffthumating with its villanie;
And now the fwelling's broken out
In moft contagious ulcers; no place free
From the destructive Peftilence of manners;
Out upon't, 'tis time the world fhould end!

Tim. Do not rail fo——'tis to little purpofe.

Apem. I fear it is, I have done my morning lecture,
And I'll be gone——

Tim. Whither?

Apem. To knock out an honeft *Athenians* brains.

Tim. Why? that's a deed thou'lt die for *Apemantus*.

Apem. Yes, if doing nothing be death by the Law.

Tim. Will nothing please thee? how doft thou like this Picture?

Apem. Better than the thing 'twas drawn for, 'twill
Neither lie, drink, nor whore,
Flatter a man to his face, and cut his
Throat behind his back;
For fince falfe fmiles, and bafe
Difhonour traffique with mans nature,
He is but mere outside; Pictures are
Even fuch as they give out: Oh! did you fee
The infides of thefe Fellows minds about you,
You'd loath the bafe corruptions more than all
The putrid Excrements their bodies hide.

Ælius. Silence the foul mouth'd villain.

Tim. He hurts not us. How lik'ft thou this Jewel?

Apem. Not fo well as plain dealing, which will not coft a
Man a doit.

Tim. What doft thou think this Jewel worth?

Apem. What fools efteem it, it is not worth my thinking.
Lo, now the mighty ufe of thy great Riches!
That muft fet infinite value on a Bawble!
Will't keep thee warm, or fatisfie thy thirft,
Or hunger? No, it is comparifon
That gives it value; then, thou look'ft upon
Thy finger, and art very proud to think
A poor man cannot have it: Childifh pleafure!

2 He powres it it out: *Plutus* the God of Gold
Is but his Steward: no meede but he repayes
Seuen-fold aboue it felfe: No guift to him,
But breeds the giuer a returne: exceeding
All vfe of quittance.

1 The Nobleft minde he carries,
That euer gouern'd man.

2 Long may he liue in Fortunes. Shall we in?
Hee keepe you Company.

Exeunt.

What stretcht inventions must be found to make
Great wealth of use? Oh! that I were a Lord!

Tim. What would'st thou do?

Apem. I would cudgel two men a day for flattering me,
Till I had beaten the whole Senate.

Phœax. Let the Villain be foundly punish'd for his
Licentious tongue.

Tim. No, the man is honest, 'tis his humour: 'Tis odd,
And methinks pleafant. You must dine with me

Apemantus.

Apem. I devour no Lords.

Tim. No, if you did, the Ladies wou'd be angry.

Apem. Yet they with all their modest fimperings,
And varnish'd looks can swallow Lords, and get
Great bellies by't, yet keep their virtuous
Vizors on, till a poor little Bastard steals into
The world, and tells a tale.

Enter Nicius.

Tim. My Noble Lord, welcome! most welcom to my arms!
You are the Fountain from which all my happiness
Did spring! your matchless Daughter, fair *Melliffa*.

Nic. Your honour us too much my Lord.

Tim. I cannot, she is the joy of *Athens*! the chief delight
Of Nature, the only life I live by: Oh, that her vows
Were once expir'd; it is methinks an Age till that blest day
When we shall joyn our hands and hearts together.

Nic. 'Tis but a week, my Lord.

Tim. 'Tis a thousand years.

Apem. Thou miserable Lord, hast thou to compleat
All thy calamities, that plague of Love,
That most unmanly madness of the mind,
That specious cheat, as false as friendship is?
Did'st thou but see how like a sniveling thing
Thou look'st and talk'st, thou would'st abhor or laugh at
Thy own admir'd Image.

Tim. Peace: I will hear no railing on this subject.

Apem. *Oh vile corrupted time, that men should be
Deaf to good Counsel, not to Flatterie.*

Tim. Come my dear friends, let us now visit our gardens,
And refresh our selves with some cool Wines and Fruit:
I am transported with your Visits!
There is not now a Prince whom I can envy,
Unless it be in that he can more bestow
Upon the men he loves.

Ælius. My Noble Lord, who would not wed your friendship, though
without a Dowrie?

Ifodor. Most worthy *Timon!* who has a life you may not call your own?

Phæax. We are all your slaves.

Poet. The joy of all Mankind.

Jewel. Great spirit of Nobleness.

Tim. We must not part this day my Friends.

Apem. So, so, crouching slaves aches contract and make your supple
Joints to wither; that there should be so little
Love among these Knaves, yet all this courtesy!
They hate and scorn each other, yet they kiss
As if they were of different Sexes: Villains, Villains.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Evandra. Re-enter Timon.

Tim. Hail to the fair *Evandra!* methinks your looks are chang'd,
And clouded with some grief that misbecomes 'em.

Evan. My Lord, my ears this morning were saluted with
The most unhappy news, the dismal'st story
The only one could have afflicted me;
My dream foretold it, and I wak'd affrighted
With a cold sweat o'er all my limbs.

Tim. What was it Madam?

Evan. You speak not with the kindness you were wont,
I have been us'd to tenderer words than these:
It is too true, and I am miserable!

Tim. What is't disturbs you so? too well I guess.

[Aside.

Evan. I hear I am to lose your Love, which was
The only earthly blessing I enjoy'd,
And that on which my life depended.

Tim. No, I must ever love my Excellent *Evandra*!

Evan. *Meliffa* will not suffer it: Oh cruel *Timon*,
Thou well may'st blush at thy ingratitude!
Had I so much towards thee, I ne'er should show
My face without confusion: Such a guilt,
As if I had destroy'd thy Race, and ruin'd
All thy Estate, and made thee infamous!
Thy Love to me I cou'd prefer before
All cold respects of Kindred, Wealth and Fame.

Tim. You have been kind so far above return,
That 'tis beyond expression.

Evan. Call to mind
Whose Race I sprung from, that of great *Alcides*,
Though not my Fortune, my Beauty and my Youth
And my unspeckled Fame yielded to none.
You on your knees a thousand times have sworn,
That they exceeded all, and yet all these,
The only treasures a poor Maid possess,
I sacrificed to you, and rather chose
To throw myself away, than you should be
Uneasy in your wishes; since which happy
And yet unhappy time, you have been to me,
My Life, my Joy, my Earth, my Heaven, my All,
I never had one single wish beyond you;
Nay, every action, every thought of mine,
How far were their large circumference
Stretcht out, yet center'd all in you: You were
My End, the only thing could fill my mind.

Tim. She strikes me to the heart! I would I had
Not seen her.

[*Afide.*

Evan. Ah *Timon*, I have lov'd you so, that had
My eyes offended you, I with these fingers
Had pluck't 'em by the roots, and cast them from me:
Or had my heart contain'd one thought that was

Not yours, I with this hand would rip it open :
 Shew me a Wife in *Athens* can say this ;
 And yet I am not one, but you are now to marry.

Tim. That I have lov'd you, you and Heav'n can witness
 By many long repeated acts of Love,
 And Bounty I have shew'd you——

Evan. Bounty! ah *Timon*!
 I am not yet so mean, but I condemn
 Your transitory dirt, and all rewards,
 But that of Love, your person was the bound
 Of all my thoughts and wishes, in return
 You *have* lov'd me! Oh miserable found!
 I would you never had, or always would.

Tim. Man is not master of his appetites,
 Heav'n sways our mind to Love.

Evan. But Hell to falsehood:
 How many thousand times y' have vow'd and sworn
 Eternal Love; Heav'n has not yet absolv'd
 You of your Oaths to me; nor can I ever,
 My Love's as much too much as yours too little.

Tim. If you love me, you'll love my happiness,
Melissa; Beauty and her Love to me
 Has so inflam'd me, I can have none without her.

Evan. If I had lov'd another, when you first,
 My dear, false *Timon* swore to me, would you
 Have wish'd I might have found my happiness
 Within another's arms? No, no, it is
 To love a contradiction.

Tim. 'Tis a truth I cannot answer.

Evan. Besides, *Melissa*'s beauty
 Is not believ'd to exceed my little stock,
 Even modesty may praise it self when 'tis
 Aspers'd: But her Love is mercenary,
 Most mercenary, base, 'tis Marriage Love:
 She gives her person, but in vile exchange
 She does demand your liberty: But I
 Could generously give without mean bargaining:

I trusted to your honour, and lost mine,
Lost all my Friends and Kindred: but little thought
I should have lost my Love, and cast it on
A barren and ungrateful soil that would return no fruit.

Tim. This dose perplex me, I must break it off.

[*Aside.*

Evan. The first storm of your Love did shake me so,
It threw down all my leaves, my hopeful blossoms,
Pull down my branches; but this latter tempest of your hate
Strikes at my root, and I must wither now,
Like a deserts, leafless tree: must fall——

Tim. You are secure against all injuries
While I have breath——

Evan. And yet you do the greatest.

Timon. You shall be so much partner of my fortune
As will secure you full respect from all,
And may support your quality in what pomp
You can desire.

Evan. I am not of so coarse a Mould, or have
So gross a mind, as to partake of ought
That's yours without you——
But, oh thou too dear perjur'd man, I could
With thee prefer a dungeon, a low and loathsome dungeon
Before the stately gilded fretted Roofs,
The Pomp, the noise, the show, the revelling,
And all the glittering splendor of a Palace.

Tim. I by restless fate am hurry'd on——

Evan. A vulgar, mean excuse for doing ill.

Tim. If that were not, my honour is engag'd——

Evan. It had a pre-engagement——

Tim. All the great men of Athens urge me on
To marry and to preserve my Race.

Evan. Suppose your Wife be false; (as 'tis not new
In Athens;) and suffer others to graft upon
Your stock; where is your Race? weak vulgar reason!

Tim. Her honour will not suffer her.

Evan. She may do it cunningly and keep her honour.

Tim. Her love will then secure her; which is as fervent

Evan. As yours was once to me, and may continue
 Perhaps as long, and yet you cannot know
 She loves you. Since that base *Cecropian* Law
 Made Love a merchandize, to traffick hearts
 For marriage, and for Dowry, who's secure?
 Now her great sign of Love, is, she's content
 To bind you in the strongest chains, and to
 A slavery, nought can manumize you from
 But death: And I could be content to be
 A slave to you, without those vile conditions——

Tim. Why are not our desires within our power?
 Or why should we be punished for obeying them?
 But we cannot create our own affections;
 They're mov'd by some invisible active Pow'r,
 And we are only passive, and whatsoever
 Of imperfection follows from th' obedience
 To our desires, we suffer, not commit
 And 'tis a cruel and a hard decree,
 That we must suffer first, and then be punish't for't.

Evan. Your Philosophy is too subtle——but what
 Security of Love from her can be like mine?
 Is Marriage a bond of Truth, which does consist
 Of a few trifling Ceremonies? Or are those
 Charms or Philters? 'Tis true, my Lord, I was not
 First lifted o're the Threshold, and then
 Led by my Parents to *Minerva's* Temple:
 No young unyok'd Heifers blood was offer'd
 To *Diana*; no invocation to *Juno* or the *Parcae*:
 No Coachman drove me with a lighted torch;
 Nor was your house adorn'd with Garlands then;
 Nor had I Figs thrown on my head, or lighted
 By my dear Mothers torches to your bed:
 Are these flight things, the bonds of truth and constancy?
 I came all Love into your arms, unmixt
 With other aims; and you for this will cause
 My death.

Tim. I'de sooner seek my own, *Evandra*.

Evan. Ah, my Lord, if that be true, then go not to *Meliffa*,
For I fhall die to fee another have
Poffeffion of all that e're I wifht for on earth.

Tim. I would I had not feen *Meliffa*:——

Evan. Ah my dear Lord, there is fome comfort left;
Cherifh thofe noble thoughts, and they'l grow ftronger,
Your awful gratitude and Love will rife,
And quell the other rebel-paffion in you;
Ufe all the endeavours which you can, and if
They fail in my relief, I'll die to make you happy.

Tim. You have moved me to be womanifh; pray retire,
I will love you.

Evan. Oh happy word! Heav'n ever blefs my Dear;
Farewell: but will you never fee *Meliffa* more?

Tim. Sweet Excellence! Retire.

Evan. I will——will you remember your *Evandra*?

Tim. Yes, I will.

How happy were Mankind in Conftancy,
'Twould equal us with the Celeftial Spirits!
O could we meet with the fame tremblings ftill,
Thofe panting joyes, thofe furious defires,
Thofe happy trances which we found at firft!
But, oh!

*Unhappy man, whose moft transporting joy
Feeds on fuch luscious food as foon will cloy,
And that which fhould preserve, does it deftroy.*

[Exit Timon.]

ACT II.

Enter Meliffa and Chloe.

WHat think'ft thou *Chloe*? will this drefs become me?
Chlo. Oh, moft exceedingly! This pretty curle
Does give you fuch a killing Grace, I fwear
That all the Youth at the Lord *Timon's* Mask
Will die for you.

Mel. No: But dost thou think so *Chloe*? I love
To make those Fellows die for me, and I
All the while look so scornfully, and then with my
Head on one side, with a languishing eye I do so
Kill 'em again: Prithee, what do they say of me,
Chloe?

Chlo. Say! That you are the Queen of all their hearts,
Their Goddesses, their Destiny, and talk of *Cupid's* flames,
And darts, and Wounds! Oh the rarest language,
'Twould make one die to hear it; and ever now
And then steal some gold into my hand,
And then commend me too.

Mel. Dear Soul, do they, and do they die for me?

Chlo. Oh yes, the finest, properest Gentlemen——

Mel. But there are not many that die for me? humh——

Chlo. Oh yes, *Lamachus*, *Theodorus*, *Theffalus*, *Eumolpides*
Memnon, and indeed all that see your Ladiship.

Mel. I'll swear? how is my complexion to day? ha *Chloe*?

Chlo. O most fragrant! 'tis a rare white wash this!

Mel. I think it is the best I ever bought; had I not best
Lay on some more red *Chloe*?

Chlo. A little more would do well; it makes you look
So pretty, and so plump, Madam.

Mel. I have been too long this morning in dressing.

Chlo. Oh no, I vow you have been but bare three hours.

Mel. No more! well, if I were fure to be thus pretty but seven.
Years, I'd be content to die then on that condition.

Chlo. The gods forbid.

Mel. I'll swear I would; but dost thou think *Timon* will
Like me in this dress?

Chlo. Oh he dies for you in any dress, Madam!

Mel. Oh this vile tailor that brought me not home my new
Habit to day; he deserves the Ostracisme! a Villain,
To disorder me so; I am afraid it has done harm
To my complexion: I have dreamt of it these two nights,
And shall not recover it this week——

Chlo. Indeed Madam he deserves death from your eyes.

Mel. I think I look pretty well? will not *Timon*
Perceive my diforder?—hah—

Chlo. Oh no, but you fpeak as if you made this killing
Preparation for none but *Timon*.

Mel. O yes, *Chloe*, for every one, I love to have all the
Young Blades follow, kifs my hand, admire, adore me,
And die for me: but I muft have but one favour'd
Servant; it is the game and not the quarry, I
Muft look after it in the reft.

Chlo. Oh Lord, I would have as many admirers as I could.

Mel. Ay fo would I—but favour one alone.
No, I am refolv'd nothing fhall corrupt my honefty;
Thofe admirers would make one a whore *Chloe*,
And that undoes us, 'tis our intereft to be honeft.

Chlo. Would they? No I warrant you, I'de fain fee
Any of thofe admirers make me a Whore.

Mel. *Timon* loves me honeftly and is rich——

Chlo. You have forgot your *Alcibiades*:
He is the rareft perfon!

Mel. No, no, I could love him dearly: oh he was the beautiful'ft man,
The fineft wit in *Athens*, the beft companion, fulleft of mirth
And pleasure, and the prettiest wayes he had to please Ladies,
He would make his enemies rejoyce to fee him.

Chlo. Why? he is all this, and can do all this ftill.

Mel. Ay, but he has been long banifh'd for breaking *Mercuries*
Images, and profaning the myfteries of *Proferpine*;
Befides, the people took his Eftate from him,
And I hate a poor Fellow, from my heart I swear:
I vow methinks I look fo pretty to day, I could
Kifs my felf *Chloe*.

Chlo. Oh dear Madam—I could look on you for ever: oh
What a world of murder you'l commit to day!

Mel. Dof't thou think fo? ha! ha! no, no——

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The Lord *Timon's* come to wait on you, and begs
Admittance.

Enter Timon.

Mel. Desire his presence.

Tim. There is enchantment in her looks,
Afresh I am wounded every time I see her:
All happiness to beautiful *Melissa*.

Mel. I shall want none in you my dearest Lord.

Tim. Sweetest of Creatures, in whom all thy excellence
Of heav'nly Woman-kind is seen unmixed;
Nature has wrought thy mettle up without alloy.

Mel. I have no value, but my love of you,
And that I am sure has no alloy, 'tis of
So strong a temper, neither time nor death,
Nor any change can break it——

Tim. Dear charming sweet, thy value is so great,
No Kingdom upon Earth should buy thee from me:
But I have still an enemy with you,
That guards me from my happiness; a Vow
Against the Law of Nature, against Love,
The best of Nature, and the highest Law.

Mel. It will be but a week in force.

Tim. 'Tis a whole age: in all approaching joys,
The nearer they come to us, still the time
Seems longer to us: But my dear *Melissa*,
Why should we bind our selves with vows and oaths?
Alas, by Nature we are too much confin'd,
Our Liberties so narrow, that we need not
Find fetters for our selves: No, we should seize
On pleasure wheresoever we can find it,
Left at another time we miss it there.

Chlo. Madam, break your Vow, it was a rash one.

Mel. Thou foolish Wench, I cannot get my things
In order till that time; dost think I will
Be marry'd like some vulgar Creature, which
Snatches at the first offer, as if she
Were desperate of having any other?

Tim. Is there no hope that you will break your vow?

Mel. If anything, one word of yours would do't:

But how can you be once secure, I'll keep
A vow to you, that would not to my self?

Tim. Some dreadful accident may come *Meliffa*
To interrupt our joys; let us make sure
O'th' present minute, for the rest perhaps
May not be ours.

Mel. It is not fit it thou'd, if I thou'd break a vow;
No, you shall never find a change in me,
All the fixt stars shall sooner stray
With an irregular motion, than I change:
This may assure you of my love, if not
Upon my knees I swear——
Were I the Queen of all the Universe,
And *Timon* were reduc'd to rags and misery,
I would not change my love to him.

Tim. And here I vow,
Should all the frame of Nature be dissolv'd,
Should the firm Centre shake, should Earthquakes rage
With such a fury to disorder all
The peaceful and agreeing Elements,
Till they were huddled into their first Chaos,
As long as I could be, I'd be the same,
The same adorer of *Meliffa*!

Mel. This is so great a blessing Heav'n can't add to it.

Tim. Thou art my Heav'n, *Meliffa*, the last mark
Of all my hopes and wishes, so I prize thee,
That I could die for thee.

Enter a Servant of Timon.

Serv. My Lord, your dinner's ready, and your Lordships
Guests wait your wish'd presence: the Lord
Nicias is already there.

Tim. Let's hast to wait on him *Meliffa*.

Mel. It is my duty to my Father.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Poet, Apemantus, Servants setting things in order for the Feast.

Poet. His honour will soon be here, I have prepar'd the Maskers;
They are all ready.

Apem. How now *Poet*? what piece of foppery hast thou to
present to *Timon*?

Poet. Thou art a fenceless snarling Stoick, and hast no taste of Poetry.

Apem. Thy Poetry's insipid, none can taste it:
Thou art a wordy foolish Scribler, who
Writ'st nothing but high-sounding frothy stuff;
Thou spread'st, and beat'st out thy poor little fence,
'Tis all leaf-gold, it has no weight in it.
Thou lov'st impertinent description,
And when thou hast a rapture, it is not
The sacred rapture of a Poet, but
Incoherent, extravagant, and unnatural,
Like mad-men's thoughts, and this thou call'st Poetical.

Poet. You are judge! shall dull Philosophers judge
Of us the nimble fancies, and quick spirits
Of the Age?

Apem. The Cox-combs of the Age:
Are there such eminent fopperies as in the
Poets of this time? their most unreasonable heads
Are whimsical, and fantastick as Fiddlers,
They are the scorn and laughter of all witty men,
The folly of you makes the Art contemptible,
None of you have the judgement of a Gander.

Enter Ælius, Nicias, Phæax, and the other Senators.

Poet. You are a base snarling Critick; write your
Self, do and you dare.

Apem. I confess 'tis a daring piece of valour, for a man
Of fence to write to an Age that likes your spurious stuff.

Nici. What time of the day is't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

Ælius. That time serves always.

Apem. Then what excuse hast thou, that would'st thus long
Omit it?

Ifid. You stay to be at the Lord *Timons* feast.

Apem. Yes, to see Meat fill Knaves, and Wine heat Fools.

Cleon. Well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art an Afs to bid me farewell.

Cleon. Why so?

Apem. Because I have not so little reason or honesty to
Return thee one good wish for it.

Phæax. Go hang thy self.

Apem. I'll do nothing at thy bidding, make thy requests to
Thy friend, if there be such a wretch on earth.

Phæax. Be gon, unpeaceable dog, or I will spurn thee from me.

Apem. Though I am none, I'll fly like a dog the heels of
The Afs.

Nici. He's opposite to all humanity——

Ælius. Now we shall taste of *Timons* bounty.

Phæax. He hath a heart brimful of kindness and good will——

Ifid. And pours it down on all his friends, as if *Plutus*
The god of Wealth were but his Steward.

Phæax. No Meed but he repays sev'n-fold above
Its self, no gift but breeds the giver such
Return as does exceed his wishes.

Thrasil. He bears the noblest mind that ever govern'd man.

Phæax. Long may he live with prosperous fortunes.
But I fear it——

Ælius. I hear a whisper, as though he fails his Creditors,
Even of their interest.

Phæax. I fear it is too true——well 'tis pity: but he's a good Lord!

Enter Timon with Meliffa, Chloe, Nicias, and a great train with him.

Here he comes my Noble Lord.

Nici. Most worthy *Timon*!

Ælius. My most honour'd Lord.

Tim. You over-joy me with your presence! is there
On Earth a sight so splendid, as Tables well
Fill'd with good and faithful friends, like you?
Dear *Meliffa*! be pleas'd to know my friends:
Oh *Apemantus*! thou'rt welcome.

Apem. No, thou shalt not make me welcome;

I come to tell thee truth, and if thou hear't me not
 I'll lock thy Heav'n from thee hereafter: think
 On the ebb of your Estate, and flow of debts;
 How many prodigal bits to slaves and flatterers gorge?
 And now 'tis noble *Timon* worthy *Timon*, royal *Timon*,
 And when the means is gone that buyes this praise,
 The breath is gone, whereof the praise is made.

Tim. It is not so with my Estate.

Apem. None are so honest to tell thee of thy vanities,
 So the gods blest me.

When all your Offices have been oppress'd
 With riotous feeders, when every Vault has wept
 With drunken splith of wine, when every room
 Has blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with Minstrels,
 Or roaring finging drunkards; I have retir'd
 To my poor homely Cell, and set my eyes
 At flow for thee, because I find something in
 Thee that might be worthy——but as thou art I
 Hate and scorn thee.

Tim. Come, preach no more, had I no Estate, I
 Am rich in Friends, my Noble Friends here,
 The dearest loving Friends that ever man
 Was blest with.

Nic. Oh might we have an happy opportunity to shew how
 We love and honour you!

Ælius. That you wou'd once but use our hearts.

Ifand. We'd lay 'em out all in your service.

Phœax. Yes, all our selves, if you wou'd put us to a
 Tryal, then we were perfect.

Tim. I doubt it not, I know you'd serve me all;
 Shall I distrust my Friends? I have often wish'd
 My self poorer that I might use you——We are
 Born to do good one to another: Friends,
 Unless we use 'em, are like sweet instruments hung
 Up in cases: But oh, what a precious comfort
 'Tis to have so many like Brothers, commanding
 One anothers fortunes! Trust me, my joy brings water

To my eyes.

Phæax. Joy had the like conception in my eyes.

Apem. Ho, ho, ho——I laugh to think that it conceiv'd a Bastard.

Tim. What doft thou laugh for?

Apem. To hear thefe fmell-feafts lye and fawn fo,
Not only flattering thee, but thy Mutton and thy Partridge.
Thefe Flies, who at one cloud of winter-showers
Would drop from off you.

Cleon. Silence, the dog.

Phæax. Let the fnarling Cur be kickt out.

Apem. Of what vile earth, of what mean dirt a Lord is
Kneaded!

Tim. The man I think is honeft, and his humor hurts us not.

Apem. I would my reafon wou'd do thee good, *Timon.*

Mel. This is an odd fnarling fellow; I like him.

Apem. If I could without lying, I'de fay the fame of thee.

Mel. Why? prethee what doft thou think of me?

Tim. He'll fnarl at thee.

Mel. No matter.

Apem. I think thou art a piece of white and red Earth,
The Picture of Vanity drawn to th'life;
I am thinking how handfome that Skull will
Be when all the Flefh is off; that face thou art
So proud of, is a poor vain, tranfitory thing,
And fhortly will be good for nothing.

Mel. Out on him, fcurvy poor Fellow.

Tim. No more of this, be not fo fullen; I'll be kind
To thee and better thy Condition.

Apem. No, I'll have nothing; fhould I be brib'd too,
There would be none left to rail at thee, and then
Thou'dft fin the fafter: *Timon*, thou giv'ft fo long,
Thou'lt fhortly give thy felf away.

Tim. I'll hear no more: let him have a Table by
Himfelf.

Apem. Let me have fome Roots and Water, fuch as Nature intended for
our Meat and Drink before Eating and Drinking grew an Art.

Hoboyes Playing lowd Musicke.

A great Banquet seru'd in: and then, Enter Lord Timon, the States, the Athenian Lords, Ventigius which Timon redeem'd from prison. Then comes dropping after all Apemantus discontentedly like himselfe.

Ventig. Most honoured *Timon*,
It hath pleas'd the Gods to remember my Fathers age,
And call him to long peace:
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in gratefull Vertue I am bound
To your free heart, I do returne those Talents
Doubled with thanks and seruice, from whose helpe
I deriu'd libertie.

Tim. O by no means,
Honest *Ventigius*: You mistake my loue,
I gaue it freely euer, and ther's none
Can truely say he giues, if he receiues:
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them: faults that are rich are faire.

Vint. A Noble spirit.

Tim. Nay my Lords, Ceremony was but deuic'd at first
To set a gloffe on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodnesse, sorry ere 'tis showne:
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray fit, more welcome are ye to my Fortunes,
Then my Fortunes to me,

1. *Lord.* My Lord, we alwaies haue confest it.

Aper. Ho ho, confest it? Hang'd it? Haue you not?

Timo. O *Apermantus*, you are welcome.

Aper. No: You shall not make me welcome:

I come to haue thee thrust me out of doores.

Tim. Fie, th'art a churle, ye'haue got a humour there
Does not become a man, 'tis much too blame:

They say my Lords, *Ira furor brevis est*,

But yond man is verie angrie.

Go, let him haue a Table by himselfe:

[*The Meat is serv'd up with Kettle Drums, and Trumpets.*

Tim. Sit Dear *Meliffa*, this is your Feast:
And all you see is yours.
And all that you can wish for shall be so.
Come, fit Lords, no Ceremony,
That was devis'd at first to set a glois
On feigned deeds, and hollow-hearted welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shewn:
True friendship needs 'em not: you're more welcome
To my Fortunes, than my Fortunes are to me.

[*They fit.*

Will you not have some Meat *Apemantus*?

Apem. I scorn thy Meat, 'twould choak me; for I should
Ne'r flatter ye; Ye Gods, what a number of men
Eat *Timon*! and yet he sees 'em not.
It grieves me to see so many dip their meat
In one man's Bloud, and all the madness is
He cheers 'em to't, and loves 'em for't:
I wonder men dare trust themselves with men;
Methinks they should invite them without knives,
'Twere safer far. That fellow that sits next him,
Now parts bread with him, pledges his breath
In a divided Draught, may next day kill him;
Such things have been. If I were a Huge Man
I shou'd be afraid to drink at meals,
Left they shou'd spy my Wind Pipes dang'rous places.
Great Men should drink with Harnefs on their Throats.

Tim. Now my Lords, let *Meliffa's* health go round

Ælus. Let it flow this way——

[*Kettle-Drums and Trumpets sound.*

Apem. How this pomp shows to a little Oyl and Roots?
These healths will make thee and thy State look ill.

Phœax. Peace Villain.

Apem. Here's that which is too weak to be a Sinner;
Here's honest Water ne'r left man i'th'mire,
This and my Root will still keep down

For he does neither affect companie,
Nor is he fit for't indeed.

Aper. Let me stay at thine apperill *Timon*,
I come to obserue, I giue thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heede of thee: Th'art an *Athenian*, therefore welcome: I
my selfe would haue no power, prythee let my meate make thee filent.

Aper. I scorne thy meate, 'twould choake me: for I should nere flatter thee.
Oh you Gods! What a number of men eats *Timon*, and he fees 'em not?
It greeues me to see so many dip there meate in one mans blood, and all the
madneffe is, he cheers them up too.

I wonder men dare trust themselues with men.

Me thinks they should enuite them without kniues,

Good for there meate, and safer for their liues.

There's much example for't, the fellow that sits next him, now parts bread
with him, pledges the breath of him in a diuided draught: is the readiest
man to kill him. 'Tas beene proud, if I were a huge man I should feare to
drinke at meales, least they should spie my wind-pipes dangerous noates,
great men should drinke with harneffe on their throates.

Tim. My Lord in heart: and let the health go round.

2. *Lord.* Let it flow this way my good Lord.

Aper. Flow this way? A braue fellow. He keeps his tides well, those
healths will make thee and thy state looke ill, *Timon*.

Heere's that which is too weake to be a finner,

Honest water, which nere left man i'th'mire:

This and my food are equals, there's no ods,

Feasts are too proud to giue thanks to the Gods.

Apermantus Grace.

Immortall Gods, I craue no pelfe,

I pray for no man but my selfe,

Grant I may neuer proue so fond,

To trust man on his Oath or Bond.

Or a Harlot for her weeping,

Or a Dogge that seemes asleepeing,

Or a keeper with my freedome,

Or my friends if I should need 'em.

Amen. So fall too't:

Richmen sin, and I eat root.

My fawcy and prefumptuous Flefh,
That it fhall never get the better of me——

Apemantus's Grace.

*Immortal Gods I crave no Pelf,
I pray for no man but my felf,
Grant I may never be fo fond
To trust man on his Oath or Bond;
Or a Harlot for her weeping,
Or a Dog that feems a fleeping,
Or a Gaoler with my freedom,
Or my Friends if I fhould need 'em.
Amen, Amen, and fo fall to't,
Great Men fin, and I eat Root.*

Much good dich thy good heart, *Apermantus*

Tim. Captaine,

Alcibiades, your hearts in the field now.

Alci. My heart is euer at your seruice, my Lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of Enemies, then a dinner of Friends.

Alc. So they were bleeding new my Lord, there's no meat like 'em, I could with my best friends at such a Feast.

Aper. Would all those Flatterers were thine Enemies then, that then thou might'st kill 'em: & bid me to 'em.

1. *Lord.* Might we but haue that happineffe my Lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might expresse some part of our zeales, we should thinke our selus for euer perfect.

Timon. Oh no doubt my good Friends, but the Gods themselves haue provided that I shall haue much helpe from you: how had you beene my Friends else. Why haue you that charitable title from thousands? Did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I haue told more of you to my selfe, then you can with modestie speake in your owne behalfe. And thus farre I confirme you. Oh you Gods (thinke I,) what need we have any Friends; if we should nere haue need of 'em? They were the most needlesse Creatures liuing; should we nere haue vse for 'em? And would most resemble sweete Instruments hung vp in Cafes, that keepes there sounds to themselves. Why I haue often wisht my selfe poorer, that I might come neerer to you: we are borne to do benefits. And what better or properer can we call our owne, then the riches of our Friends? Oh what a pretious comfort t'is, to haue so many like Brothers commanding one anothers Fortunes. Oh ioyes, e'en made away er't can be borne: mine eies cannot hold out waterme thinks, to forget their Faults. I drinke to you.

Aper. Thou weep'st to make them drinke, *Timon.*

2. *Lord.* Ioy had the like conception in our eies,
And at that instant, like a babe sprung vp.

Aper. Ho, ho; I laugh to thinke that babe a bastard.

3. *Lord.* I promise you my Lord you mou'd me much.

Aper. Much.

Much good may't do thee good *Apemantus*.

Nici. Our noble Lord *Timon's* health, let it go round,
And Drums, and Trumpets found.

[*Kettle Drums, &c.*

Apem. What madness is the pomp, the noise, the splendor,
The frantick Glory of this foolish life!
We make our selves fools to disport our selves,
And vary a thousand antick ugly shapes
Of Folly and of Madness these fill up
The scenes and empty spaces of our lives.
Life's nothing but a dull repetition,
A vain fantastick dream, and there's an end on't.

Tim. Now my good Lords and Friends, I speak to you,
You that are of the Council of four hundred,
In the behalf of a dear Friend of mine.

Nici. One word of yours must govern all the Council,
And any thing in *Athens*.

Tim. I Speak chiefly
To you my Lord and Father; and to *Phœax*.

Phœax. My good Lord command me to my death and I'll obey.

Tim. I have receiv'd notice from *Alcibiades*,
(Whose Enemies you have been, and whose Friends
I beg you will be now) that he in private
Will venture into *Athens*;
Not openly because he will not trust
The Insolence of the tumultuous Rabble;
If he solicites his recallment with you,
There lives not on this earth a man that has
Deserv'd so well from the Nobility;
He has preserv'd ev'n *Athens* in his Exile,
By *Tissaphernes* power he has kept us from
The *Lacedemonian* Rage, and other Foes
That might have laid this City low in ashes.
How many famous Battels has he won?
But which is more, by his advice and power,
Even in his absence he has wrested
The Government from the insulting Vulgar;

Whose Wifedom's Blindness, and whose Power is Madness:
 And plac'd it in your noble Hands; methinks
 You in return should take off his hard sentence
 Of Banishment, and render back all his Estate.

Phæax. Is there a thing on Earth you would command us
 That we would disobey?

Nici. I am absolutely yours in all Commands.

Ælius. How proud am I that I can serve Lord *Timon*!

Apem. Thinkst thou thy self thy Countries friend now *Timon*?
 His foul Riot and his inordinate Lust,
 His wavering Passions, and his headlong Will,
 His selfish Principles, his contempt of others,
 His Mockery, his various Sports, his Wantonness,
 The Rage and Madness of his Luxury
 Will make the *Athenians* hearts ache, as thy own
 Will soon make thine.

Ifod. Hang him, we never mind him.

Ifand. When will he speak well of any man?

Apem. When I can find a man that's better than
 A beast, I will fall down and worship him.

Tim. Thou art an *Athenian*, and I bear with thee.
 Is the Masque ready?

Poet. 'Tis, my noble Lord.

Apem. What odd and childish folly Slaves find out
 To please and court all thy distemper'd Appetites!
 They spend their flatteries to devour those men
 Upon whose Age they'll void it up again
 With poisonous spite and envy.
 Who lives that's not deprav'd, or else depraves?
 Who die that bear not some spurns to their Graves
 Of their friends giving? I should fear that those
 Who now are going to dance before me,
 Should one day stamp on me: it has been done.

Tim. Nay, if you rail at all Society,
 I'll hear no more—— be gone.

Apem. Thou may'st be sure I will not stay to see
 Thy folly any longer, fare thee well; remember

Sound Tucket. Enter the Maskers of Amazons, with Lutes in their hands, dauncing and playing.

Tim. What meanes that Trumpe? How now?

Enter Seruant.

Ser. Please you my Lord, there are certaine Ladies Most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? what are their wils?

Ser. There comes with them a fore-runner my Lord, which beares that office, to signifie their pleasures.

Tim. I pray let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid with the Maske of Ladies.

Cup. Haile to thee worthy *Timon* and to all that of his Bounties taste: the five best Sences acknowledge thee their Patron, and come freely to gratulate thy plentiful bofome.

There tast, touch all, pleas'd from thy Table rise:

They onely now come but to Feast thine eies.

Timo. They're welcome all, let 'em haue kind admittance. Musicke make their welcome.

Luc. You see my Lord, how ample y'are belou'd.

Aper. Hoyday,

What a sweepe of vanitie comes this way.

They daunce? They are madwomen,

Like Madneffe is the glory of this life,

As this pompe shewes to a little oyle and roote.

We make our selues Fooles, to disport our selues,

And spend our Flatteries, to drinke those men,

Vpon whose Age we voyde it vp agen

With poyfonous Spight and Enuy.

Who liues, that's not depraue'd, or depraues;

Who dyes, that beares not one spurne to their graues

Of their Friends guift:

I should feare, those that dance before me now,

Would one day stampe vpon me: 'Tas bene done,

Men shut their doores against a setting Sunne.

Thou would'st not hear me, thou wilt curse thy self for't.

Tim. I do not think so—— fare thee well.

[*Exit Apemantus.*]

Enter Servant.

Serv. My Lord, therefore some Ladies masqu'd desire admittance.

Tim. Have not my doors been always open to
Ev'ry *Athenian*? They do me honour,
Wait on 'em in, were I not bound to do
My duty here, I would.

Chloe. I have not had the opportunity
To deliver this till now, it is a Letter
From *Alcibiades*.

Mel. Dear *Alcibiades*, Oh how shall I love him,
When he's restor'd to his Estate and Country!
He will be richer far than *Timon* is,
And I shall chuse him first of any man's.
How lucky 'tis I should put off my Wedding.

Enter Evandra with Ladies masqu'd.

Tim. Ladies, you do my house and me great honour;
I should be glad you would unmask, that I
Might see to whom I owe the Obligation.

1. *Lad.* We ask your pardon, we are stoln out upon
Curiosity, and dare not own it.

Tim. Your pleasure Ladies, shall be mine.

Evan. This is the fine gay thing so much admit'd,
That's born to rob me of my happiness,
And of my life; her face is not her own,
Nor is her love, nor speech, nor motion so:
Her smiles, her amorous looks, she puts on all,
There's nothing natural: She always acts
And never shews her self; How blind is Love
That cannot see this Vanity!

[*Masque begins.*]

*The Lords rise from Table, with much adoring of Timon, and to shew their
Ioues, each singe out an Amazon, and all Dance, men with women, a loftie
straine or two to the Hoboyes, and cease.*

Enter Shepherds and Nymphs.

A Symphony of Pipes imitating the chirping of Birds.

Nymph *Hark how the Songsters of the Grove
Sing Anthems to the God of Love.
Hark how each am'rous winged pair,
With Loves great praises fill the Air.*

Chorus. *On every side the charming sound
Does from the hollow Woods rebound.*

Retornella

Nymph. *Love in their little veins inspires
Their cheerful Notes, their soft Desires:
While Heat makes Buds or Blossoms spring,
These pretty couples love and sing.*

Chorus. *But Winter puts out their desire,
with Flutes. And half the year they want Loves fire.*

Retornella,

Full *|But Ah how much are our delights more dear,*
Chorus. *|For only Humane Kind love all the year.*

Enter the Mænades and Ægipanes.

1 Bach. *Hence with your trifling Deitie
A greater we adore,
Bacchus, who always keeps us free
From that blind childish power.*

2 Bach. *Love makes you languish and look pale,
And sneak and sigh, and whine;
But over us no griefs prevail,
While we have lusty Wine.*

Chorus *|Then hang the dull Wretch who has care in his foul,
with |Whom Love, or whom Tyrants, or Laws can controul,
Hout-boys |If within his right hand he can have a full Bowl.*

Nymph. *Go drivell and snore with your fat God of Wine,
Your swell'd faces with Pimples adorning,
Soak your Brains over night and your senses resign,
And forget all you did the next Morning.*

Nymph. *With dull aking Noddles live on in a mist,
And never discover true Joy:
Would Love tempt with Beauty, you could not resist,
The Empire he flights, he'd destroy.*

1 Bach. *Better our heads, than hearts should ache,
His childish Empire we despise;
Good Wine of him a Slave can make,
And force a Lover to be wise.
Better, &c.*

2 Bach. *Wine sweetens all the cares of Peace,
And takes the Terrour off from War.
To Love affliction it gives ease,
And to its Joy does best prepare.
It sweetens, &c.*

Nymph. *'Tis Love that makes great Monarchs fight,
The end of Wealth and Power is Love;
It makes the youthful Poets write,
And does the Old to Youth improve.*

Retornella of Hout-boys.

Bach. *'Tis Wine that Revels in their Veins
Makes Cowards valiant, Fools grow wise,
Provokes low Pens to lofty strains,
And makes the young Love Chains despise.*

Retornella.

Nymphs and |
Shepherds. | *Love rules the World.*
Mænades and |
Ægipanes. | *'Tis Wine, 'tis Wine.*
Nymphs and |
Shepherds. | *'Tis Love, 'tis Love.*
Mænades and |
Ægipanes. | *'Tis Wine, 'tis Wine.*

Tim. You haue done our pleasures
Much grace (faire Ladies)
Set a faire fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not halfe so beautiful, and kinde:
You haue added worth vintoo't, and luster,
And entertain'd me with mine owne deuice.
I am to thanke you for't.

1 Lord. My Lord you take vs euen at the best.

Aper. Faith for the worst is filthy, and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you,
Please you to dispose your selues.

All La. Most thankfully, my Lord.

Exeunt.

Tim. Flavius.

Fla. My Lord.

Tim. The little Casket bring me hither.

Fla. Yes, my Lord. More Iewels yet?

There is no crossing him in's humor,
Else I should tell him well, yfaith I should;
When all's spent, hee'd be croft then, and he could:
'Tis pittie Bounty had not eyes behinde,
That man might ne're be wretched for his minde.

Exit.

1 Lord. Where be our men?

Ser. Heere my Lord, in readinesse.

2 Lord. Our Horses.

Tim. O my Friends:

I haue one word to say to you: Looke you, my good L.
I must intreat you honour me so much,
As to aduance this Iewell, accept it, and weare it,
Kinde my Lord.

Enter Bacchus and Cupid.

Bacchus. *Hold, Hold, our Forces are combin'd,
And we together rule Mankind.*

General *Then we with our Pipes, and our Voices will join*

Chorus. *To found the loud praise of Love and good Wine.
Wine gives vigour to Love, Love makes Wine go down.
And by Love and good Drinking, all the World is our own.*

Tim. 'Tis well design'd, and well perform'd, and I'll
Reward you well: let us retire into my next
Apartment, where I've devis'd new pleasures for you,
And where I will distribute some small Presents,
To testify my Love and Gratitude.

Phœax. A noble Lord!

Ælius. Bounty it self.

Tim. Thus my *Meliffa* will we always spend
Our time in Pleasures; but whoe're enjoys
Thee, has all this life affords sum'd up in that.

Evan. These words did once belong to me, but Oh!
My stubborn heart, wilt thou not break at this?

Tim. Ladies I hope you'll honour me with your preference,
And accept of a Collation.

1. *Lady.* We ask your pardon, and must leave you.

Tim. *Demetrius*, wait on them.

Evan. My Lord, I'd speak with you alone.

Tim. Be pleas'd Madam, to retire with your father,
I'll wait on you instantly.

[to *Meliffa*.

[*Exeunt all but Timon and Evandra.*

Who are you Madam?

Evan. One who is come to take her last leave of you.

Tim. *Evandra*! What confusion am I in!

Evan. I am sorry in the midst of all your joys
I should disturb you thus: I had a mind
To see you once before I dy'd; I ne'r
Shall trouble you again.

Tim. Let me not hear these killing words.

Evan. They'll be my last, and therefore give'em room:

1 Lord. I am fo farre already in your guifts.

All. So are we all.

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. My Lord, there are certaine Nobles of the Senate newly alighted, and come to vifit you.

Tim. They are fairely welcome.

Enter Flauius.

Fla. I befeech your Honor, vouchfafe me a word, it does concerne you neere.

Tim. Neere? why then another time Ile heare thee.

I prythee let's be prouided to fhew them entertainment.

Fla. I fcarfe know how.

Enter another Seruant.

Ser. May it please your Honor, Lord Lucius!

(Out of his free loue) hath presented to you

Foure Milke-white Horfes, trapt in Siluer.

Tim. I fhall accept them fairely: let the Presents
Be worthily entertain'd.

I am haftning to my death, then you'l be happy,
I ne'r fhall interrupt your joys again,
Unlefs the Memory of me fhould make
You drop fome tears upon my duft; I know
Your noble Nature will remember that
Evandra was, and once was dear to you,
And lov'd you fo, that fhe cou'd dye to make
You happy.

Tim. Ah dear *Evandra*! that would make
Me wretched far below all mifery;
I'd rather kill my felf than hear that news:
I call the gods to witnefs, there's not one
On Earth I more efteem.

Evan. Efteem! alas!
It is too weak a Cordial to preferve
My fading life, I fee your paffion's grown
Too headftiong for you. Oh my deareft *Timon*!
I, while I have any breath, muft call you fo;
Had you once ftruggled for my fake,
And ftriven to oppofe the raging fury of
Your fatal Love, I fhould have dy'd contented.
But Oh! falfe to your felf, to all my hopes,
And me; you fuckt the fubtile poyfon in
So greedily, you would not ftay to tafte it.

Tim. She moves me ftrongly; I have found from her
The trueft and the tendereft Love that e'r
Woman yet bore to Man.

Evan. I find you're gone too far in the difeafe
T' admit a Cure: I will perfwade no longer;
Death is my remedy, and I'll embrace it.

Tim. Oh talk not of Death: I'll love you ftill:
I can love two at once, truft me I can.

Evan. No, *Timon*, I will have you whole, or nothing:
I love you fo, I cannot live to fee
That dear, that moft ador'd perfon in anothers arms:
My Love's too nice, 'twill not be fed with crumbs,
And broken meat, that falls from your *Meliffa*.

No dear false Man, you soon shall be at rest,
 I came but to receive a parting Kifs:
 You'l not deny me that?

Tim. I will not part with you; we'l be friends for ever.

Evan. No, no, it cannot be, forgive this trouble,
 Since 'tis the last, I'll never see you more;
 And may *Meliffa* ever love you as
 The Excellence of your form deserves; and may
 She please you longer than th' unfortunate
Evandra could.

Tim. Gods! Why should I not love this Woman best?
 She has deserv'd beyond all measure from me;
 She's beautiful, and good as Angels are;
 But I have had her Love already.

Oh most accursed Charm, that thus perverts me!

To Her. Y' have made a Woman of me.

Evan. I'l have but one last look of that
 Bewitching Face that ruin'd me.

Oh, I could devour it with my eyes: but I'll
 Remove it from thee. I ne're
 Shall die contented while I look on thee.

Tim. Be patient till I give thee satisfaction.

Evand. No, dearest Enemy, I'll remove the guilt
 From thee, and thus I'll place it on my self.

[Offers to stab her self.

Tim. Hold, dear *Evandra*, if thou lov'it my life
 Preserve thy own; for here I swear, that minute
 When thou attemptst thy life, I will lose mine.
 Where's *Dipphilus*?

Enter Dipphilus.

Diph. Here my Lord.

Tim. Wait on *Evandra* home, and take a care
 Sh' attempts not any mischief on her self:
 Sh'is agitated by a dang'rous passion.
 My dear! let *Dipphilus* wait on thee home;

Enter a third Seruant.

How now? What newes?

3. *Ser.* Please you my Lord, that honourable Gentleman Lord *Lucullus*, entreats your companie to morrow, to hunt with him, and ha's sent your Honour two brace of Grey-hounds.

Tim. Ile hunt with him,
And let them be receiu'd, not without faire Reward.

Fla. What will this come to?
He commands vs to prouide, and giue great guifts, and all out of an empty
Coffer:

Nor will he know his Purfe, or yield me this,
To shew him what a Begger his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wifhes good.
His promifes flye so beyond his ftate,
That what he fpeaks is all in debt, he owes for eu'ry word:
He is so kinde, that he now payes intereft for't;
His Land's put to their Bookes. Well, would I were
Gently put out of Office, before I were forc'd out:
Happier is he that has no friend to feede,
Then fuch that do e'ne Enemies excede.
I bleed inwardly for my Lord.

Exit.

Tim. You do your felues much wrong,
You bate too much of your owne merits,
Heere my Lord, a trifle of our Loue.

2. *Lord.* With more then common thanks
I will receyue it.

3 *Lord.* O he's the very foule of Bounty.

Tim. And now I remember my Lord, you gaue good words the other day
of a Bay Courfer I rod on. Tis yours because you lik'd it.

1 *L.* Oh, I beseech you pardon mee, my Lord, in that.

As soon as ever my Company is gone,
I'll see thee, and convince thee that I love thee.

Evand. No, no; I cannot hope——farewell for ever.

[*Ex. Diph. and Evand.*]

Tim. I must resolve on something for her comfort;
For the Empire of the Earth I would not lose her;
There is not one of all her Sex exceeds her
In Love, or Beauty ——
O miserable state of humane life!
We flight all the enjoyments which we have;
And those things only value which we have not:
Where is *Demetrius*?

Dem. My Lord!

Tim. Where is the Casket which I spoke for?

Dem. It is here my Lord: I beg your Lordship hear me speak.
I have business that concerns you nearly ——

Tim. Some other time; of late thou dost perplex me
Each moment with the hateful name of business,
That mortal Foe to pleasure, I'll not hear it.

[*Ex. Timon.*]

Dem. So! all now is at an end!
He does command us to provide great gifts,
And all out of an empty Coffer.
His promises fly so beyond his 'state,
That what he speaks is all in Debt; He owes
For every word; His Land is all engag'd,
His money gone; would I were gently turn'd
Out of my Office; lest he should borrow all
I have gotten in his service. Well!

*Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than such who do ev'n Enemies exceed.*

[*Ex. Demet.*]

Tim. You may take my word my Lord: I know no man can justly praise, but what he does affect. I weighe my Friends affection with mine owne: Ile tell you true, Ile call to you.

All Lor. O none so welcome.

Tim. I take all, and your feuerall vifitations
So kinde to heart, 'tis not enough to giue:
Me thinkes, I could deale Kingdomes to my Friends,
And nere be wearie. *Alcibiades,*
Thou art a Soldiour, therefore fildome rich,
It comes in Charitie to thee: for all thy liuing
Is mong'ft the dead: and all the Lands thou haft
Lye in a pitcht field.

Alc. I, defil'd Land, my Lord.

1. *Lord.* We are so vertuoufly bound.

Tim. And so am I to you.

2. *Lord.* So infinitely endeer'd.

Tim. All to you. Lights, more Lights.

1. *Lord.* The best of Happines, Honor, and Fortunes
Keepe with you Lord *Timon.*

Tim. Ready for his Friends.

Exeunt Lords.

Aper. What a coiles heere, seruing of beckes, and iutting out of bummes. I doubt whether their Legges be worth the summes that are giuen for 'em. Friendships full of dregges,
Me thinkes false hearts, should neuer haue found legges.
Thus honest Fooles lay out their wealth on Curtfies.

Tim. Now *Apermantus* (if thou wert not fullen)
I would be good to thee.

Aper. No, Ile nothing; for if I should be brib'd too, there would be none left to raile vpon thee, and then thou wouldest sinne the faster. Thou giu'st so long *Timon* (I feare me) thou wilt giue away thy selfe in paper shortly. What needs these Feasts, pompes, and Vaine-glories?

Tim. Nay, and you begin to raile on Societie once, I am sworne not to giue regard to you. Farewell, & come with better Musicke. *Exit*

Aper. So: Thou wilt not heare mee, thou shalt not then. Ile locke thy heauen from thee:

Oh that mens eares should be
To Counsell deafe, but not to Flatterie.

Exit

Enter a Senator.

Sen. And late five thousand: to *Varro* and to *Ifidore*
He owes nine thousand, besides my former summe,
Which makes it five and twenty. Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold, it will not.
If I want Gold, steale but a beggers Dogge,
And giue it *Timon*, why the Dogge coines Gold.
If I would sell my Horse, and buy twenty more
Better then he; why giue my Horse to *Timon*.
Aske nothing, giue it him, it Foles me straight
And able Horses: No Porter at his gate,
But rather one that smiles, and still inuites
All that passe by. It cannot hold, no reason
Can found his state in safety. *Caphis* ho,
Caphis I say.

Enter Caphis.

Ca. Heere sir, what is your pleasure.

Sen. Get on your cloake, & haue you to Lord *Timon*,
Importune him for my Moneyes, be not ceast
With flight denial; nor then silenc'd, when
Commend me to your Master, and the Cap
Playes in the right hand, thus: but tell him,
My Vies cry to me; I must serue my turne
Out of mine owne, his dayes and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Haue smit my credit. I loue, and honour him,
But must not breake my backe, to heale his finger.
Immediate are my needs, and my releefe
Must not be toft and turn'd to me in words,
But finde supply immediate. Get you gone,
Put on a most importunate aspect,
A visage of demand: for I do feare
When euery Feather stickes in his owne wing,
Lord *Timon* will be left a naked gull,
Which flashest now a Phoenix, get you gone.

Ca. I go sir.

Sen. I go fir?
Take the Bonds along with you,
And haue the dates in. Come.

Ca. I will Sir.

Sen. Go.

Exeunt

Enter Steward, with many billes in his hand.

Stew. No care, no ftop, fo fenfeleffe of expence,
That he will neither know how to maintaine it,
Nor ceafe his flow of Riot. Takes no accompt
How things go from him, nor refume no care
Of what is to continue: neuer minde,
Was to be fo vnwife, to be fo kinde.
What fhall be done, he will not heare, till feele:
I muft be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
Fye, fie, fie, fie.

Enter Caphis, Ifidore, and Varro.

Cap. Good euen *Varros* what, you come for money?

Var. Is't not your bufineffe too?

Cap. It is, and yours too, *Ifidore*?

Ifid. It is fo.

Cap. Would we were all difcharg'd.

Var. I feare it,

Cap. Heere comes the Lord.

Enter Timon, and his Traine.

Tim. So foone as dinners done, wee'l forth againe
My *Alcibiades*. With me, what is your will?

Cap. My Lord, heere is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues? whence are you?

Cap. Of Athens heere, my Lord.

Tim. Go to my Steward.

Cap. Pleafe it your Lordship, he hath put me off
To the fucceffion of new dayes this moneth:
My Master is awak'd by great Occafion,
To call vpon his owne, and humbly prayes you,

That with your other Noble parts, you'l suite,
In giuing him his right.

Tim. Mine honest Friend,

I prythee but repaire to me next morning.

Cap. Nay, good my Lord.

Tim. Containe thy selfe, good Friend.

Var. One *Varroes* seruant, my good Lord.

Ifid. From *Ifidore*, he humbly prayes your speedy payment.

Cap. If you did know my Lord, my Masters wants.

Var. 'Twas due on forfeiture my Lord, fixe weekes, and past.

Ifi. Your Steward puts me off my Lord, and I
Am sent expreffely to your Lordship.

Tim. Giue me breath:

I do befeech you good my Lorde keepe on,
He waite vpon you instantly. Come hither: pray you
How goes the world, that I am thus encountred
With clamorous demands of debt, broken Bonds,
And the detention of long since due debts
Against my Honor?

Stew. Please you Gentlemen,
The time is vnagreeable to this bufineffe:
Your importunacie ceafe, till after dinner,
That I may make his Lordship vnderstand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do fo my Friends, see them well entertain'd.

Stew. Pray draw neere.

Exit.

Enter Apemantus and Foole.

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the Foole with *Apemantus*, let's ha some sport with 'em.

Var. Hang him, hee'l abuse vs.

Ifid. A plague vpon him dogge.

Var. How doft Foole?

Ape. Doft Dailogue with thy shadow?

Var. I speake not to thee.

Ape. No 'tis to thy selfe. Come away.

Ifi. There's the Foole hangs on your backe already.

Ape. No thou stand'ft angle, th'art not on him yet.

Cap. Where's the Foole now?

Ape. He laft ask'd the question. Poore Rogues, and
Vfurers men, Bauds betweene Gold and want.

All. What are we *Apemantus*?

Ape. Affes.

All. Why?

Ape. That you ask me what you are, & do not know your felues. Speake
to 'em Foole.

Foole. How do you Gentlemen?

All. Gramercies good Foole:

How does your Miftris?

Foole. She's e'ne fetting on water to fcal'd fuch Chickens as you are.
Would we could fee you at Corinth.

Ape. Good, Gramercy.

Enter Page.

Foole. Looke you, heere comes my Mafters Page.

Page. Why how now Captaine? what do you in this wife Company.
How doft thou *Apermantus*?

Ape. Would I had a Rod in my mouth, that I might anfwer thee profit-
ably.

Boy. Prythee *Apemantus* reade me the fuperfcription of thefe Letters, I
know not which is which.

Ape. Canft not read?

Page. No.

Ape. There will litle Learning dye then that day thou art hang'd. This
is to Lord *Timon*, this to *Alcibiades*. Go thou was't borne a Bastard, and
thou't dye a Bawd.

Page. Thou was't whelp't a Dogge, and thou fhalt famifh a Dogges death.
Anfwer not, I am gone. *Exit*

Ape. E'ne fo thou out-runft Grace,
Foole I will go with you to Lord *Timons*.

Foole. Will you leaue me there?

Ape. If *Timon* ftay at home.
You three ferue three Vfurers?

All. I would they feru'd vs.

Ape. So would I:

As good a tricke as euer Hangman feru'd Theefe.

Foole. Are you three Vfurers men?

All. I Foole.

Foole. I think no Vfurer, but ha's a Foole to his Seruant. My Miftris is one, and I am her Foole: when men come to borrow of your Masters, they approach fadly, and go away merry: but they enter my Masters houle merrily, and go away fadly. The reafon of this?

Var. I could render one.

Ap. Do it then, that we may account thee a Whoremafter, and a Knaue, which notwithstanding thou fhalt be no lefe efteemed.

Varro. What is a Whoremafter Foole?

Foole. A Foole in good cloathes, and fomething like thee. 'Tis a fpirit, fometime t'appares like a Lord, fometime like a Lawyer, fometime like a Philofopher, with two ftones moe then's artificiall one. Hee is verie often like a Knight; and generally, in all fhapes that man goes vp and downe in, from fourefcore to thirteen, this fpirit walkes in.

Var. Thou art not altogether a Foole.

Foole. Nor thou altogether a Wife man,
As much foolerie as I haue, fo much wit thou lack'ft.

Ape. That anfwer might haue become *Apemantus*.

All. Afide, afide, heere comes Lord *Timon*.

Enter Timon and Steward.

Ape. Come with me (*Foole*) come.

Foole. I do not alwayes follow Louer, elder Brother, and Woman, fometime the Philofopher.

Stew. Pray you walke n eere,
He fpeake with you anon.

Exeunt.

Tim. You make me ruell wherefore ere this time
Had you not fully laide my fteate before me,
That I might fo haue rated my expence
As I had leaue of meanes.

Stew. You would not heare me:
At many leifures I propofe.

Tim. Go too:
Perchance fome fingle vantages you tooke,

ACT III.

Enter Timon and Demetrius.

Tim. **D** *Emetrius!*

How comes it that I have been thus incounter'd
With clamorous demands of broken Bonds,
And the unjust detention of money long since due?
I knew I was in debt, but did not think
I had gone so far; wherefore before this time
Did you not lay my state fully before me?

Dem. You would not hear me.

At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid 'em before you —— you would throw 'em off,
And say, you found 'em in my Honesty.
I have beyond good manners, pray'd you often
To hold your hand more close and was rebuk't for't.

When my indisposition put you backe,
And that vnaptneffe made your minifter
Thus to excuse your selfe.

Stew. O my good Lord,
At many times I brought in my accompts,
Laid them before you, you would throw them off,
And say you found them in mine honestie,
When for some trifling present you haue bid me
Returne so much, I haue shooke my head, and wept:
Yea 'gainst th'Authoritie of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close: I did indure
Not fildome, nor no flight checkes, when I haue
Prompted you in the ebbe of your estate,
And your great flow of debts; my lou'd Lord,
Though you heare now (too late) yet nowes a time,
The greatest of your hauing, lackes a halfe,
To pay your present debts

Tim. Let all my Land be sold.

Stew. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone,
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues; the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim, and at length
How goes our reck'ning?

Tim. To Lacedemon did my Land extend.

Stew. O my good Lord, the world is but a word,
Were it all yours, to giue it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone.

Tim. You tell me true.

Stew. If you suspect my Husbandry or Falshood,
Call me before th'exactest Auditors,
And set me on the prooffe. So the Gods bleffe me,
When all our Offices haue beene opprest
With riotous Feeders, when our Vaults haue wept
With drunken spilth of Wine; when euery roome
Hath blaz'd with Lights, and braid with Minstrelfie,
I haue retyr'd me to a wasteful cocke,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. You should have prest it further.

Dem. What e're I durst I did, it was my interest,
For if my Lord be poor, what then must I be?
Call me before the exactest Auditors,
And let my life lie on the proof:
Oh my good Lord, the world is but a world,
If it were yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone?

Tim. Have you no money in the Treafury?

Dem. Not enough to supply the riot of two meals.

Tim. Let all my Land be fold.

Dem. 'Tis all engag'd;
And some already's forfeited and gone,
That which remains will scarce pay present dues;
The future comes apace.

Tim. To *Lacedaemon* did my Land extend.

Dem. How many times have I retir'd and wept,
To think what it would come to.

Tim. Prithee! no more, I know thou'rt honest.

Dem. It grieves me to confider 'mongst what Parasites
And trencher Friends your wealth has been divided.
I cannot but weep at the sad reflection,
When every word of theirs was greedily
Attended to, as if they'd been pronounc'd
From Oracles. I never could be heard.

Tim. Come; preach no more, thou soon shalt find that I
Have not misplac'd my Bounty, why dost weep?
I am rich in friends and can use all their wealth
Freely as I can bid thee speak.

Dem. I doubt it.

Tim. You soon shalt see how you mistake my fortune.
Now I shall try my friends. Who waits there?

Tim. Prythee no more.

Stew. Heauens, haue I said, the bounty of this Lord:
How many prodigall bits haue Slaues and Pezants
This night engluttred: who is not *Timon*,
What heart, head, fword, force, meanes, but it L. *Timon*:
Great *Timon*, Noble, Worthy, Royall *Timon*:
Ah, when the meanes are gone, that buy this praife,
The breath is gone, whereof this praife is made:
Feaft won, faft loft; one cloud of Winter fhowers,
Thefe flyes are coucht.

Tim. Come fermon me no further.
No villanous bounty yet hath paff my heart;
Vnwifely, not ignobly haue I giuen.
Why doft thou weepe, canft thou the confcience lacke,
To thinke I fhall lacke friends; fecure thy heart,
If I would broach the veffels of my loue,
And try the argument of hearts, by borrowing,
Men, and mens fortunes could I frankely vfe
As I can bid thee fpeake.

Ste. Affurance bleffe your thoughts.

Tim. And in fome fort thefe wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them bleffings. For by thefe
Shall I trie Friends. You fhall perceiue
How you miftake my Fortunes:
I am wealthie in my Friends.
Within there, *Flavius*, *Seruius*?

Enter three Seruants.

Ser. My Lord, my Lord.

Tim. I will difpatch you feuerally.
You to Lord *Lucius*, to Lord *Lucullus* you, I hunted with his Honor to day;
you to *Sempronius*; commend me to their loues; and I am proud fay, that
my occasions haue found time to vfe 'em toward a fupply of mony: let the
request be fifty Talents.

Flam. As you haue faid, my Lord.

Stew. Lord *Lucius* and *Lucullus*? Humh.

Enter three Servants.

1 *Ser.* My Lord!

Tim. Go you to *Phæax* and to *Cleon*, you to *Ifander*.
And *Ælius*, you to *Ifodore* and *Thrasillus*.
Commend me to their loves, and let them know,
I'm proud that my occasions make me use 'em
For a supply of money. Let the request
Be fifty Talents from each man.

1 *Serv.* We will, my Lord.

Tim. Go you fir to the Senators;
Of whom, euen to the States best health; I haue
Deferu'd this Hearing: bid 'em fend o'th'infant
A thoufand Talents to me.

Ste. I haue beene bold
(For that I knew it the moft generall way)
To them, to vie your Signet, and your Name,
But they do fhake their heads, and I am heere
No richer in returne.

Tim. Is't true? Can't be?

Stew. They anfwar in a ioyant and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want Treature cannot
Do what they would, are forrie: you are Honourable,
But yet they could haue wifht, they know not,
Something hath beene amiffe; a Noble Nature
May catch a wretch; would all were well; tis pittie,
And fo intending other ferious matters,
After diftaftefull lookes; and thefe hard Fractions
With certaine halfe-caps, and cold mouing nods,
They froze me into Silence.

Tim. You Gods reward them:
Prythee man looke cheerely. Thefe old Fellowes
Haue their ingratitude in them Hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it fildome flowes,
'Tis lacke of kindly warmth, they are not kinde;
And Nature, as it growes againe toward earth,
If fafhion'd for the iourney, dull and heauy.
Go to *Ventiddius* (prythee be not fad,
Thou art true, and honeft; Ingenioufly I fpeake,
No blame belongs to thee:) *Ventiddius* lately
Buried his Father, by whole death hee's ftepp'd
Into a great eftate: When he was poore,
Imprifon'd, and in fcarfitie of Friends,
I cleer'd him with foue Talents: Greet him from me,
Bid him fuppoſe, ſome good neceffity
Touches his Friend, which craues to be remembered
With thoſe foue Talents; that had, giu't theſe Fellowes

Tim. Thou, *Demetrius*, shalt go to the Senate, from whom
Even to the States best health I have deserv'd
This hearing. Petition them to lend me 500 Talents.

Dem. I must obey. The next room's full of
Importunate slaves and hungry Creditors, go not to 'em.

[*Ex.* *Dem.*

Tim. What! must my doors b' oppos'd against my passage?
Have I been ever free, and those been open
For all *Athenians* to go in and out
At their own pleasure? My Porter at my Gate
Ne're kept man out, but smil'd and did invite
All that pass by it, in, and must he be
My Gaoler, and my House my Prison! no,
I'll not despair: my friends will never fail me.

[*Exit.*

To whom 'tis instant due. Neu'r speake, or thinke,
That *Timons* fortunes 'mong his Friends can linke.

Stew. I would I could not thinke it:
That thought is Bounties Foe;
Being free it felfe, it thinkes all others fo.

Exeunt

Scene is the Porch or Cloister of the Stoicks.

Apemantus speaking to the people and several Senators.

Apem. 'Mongst all the loathsome and base diseases of
Corrupted Nature, Pride is most contagious.
Behold the poorest miserable wretch
Which the Sun shines on; in the midst of all
Diseases, rags, want, infamy and slavery,
The Fool will find out something to be proud of.

Ælius. This is all railing.

Apem. When you deserve my precepts, you shall have 'em,
Mean while, if I'll be honest, I must rail at you.

Cleon. Let's walk, hang him, hear him not rail.

Phæax. Our Government is too remiss in suffering the
Licence of Philosophers, Orators, and Poets.

Apem. Show me a mighty Lordling, who's puffed up,
And swells with the opinion of his greatness;
He's an Ass. For why does he respect himself so,
But to make others do it? wretched Ass!
By the same means he seeks respect, he loses it.
Mean thing! does he not play the fool, and eat,
And drink, and void his excrements and stink,
Like other men, and die and rot so too?
What then should it be proud of? 'Tis a Lord;
And that's a word some other men cannot
Prefix before their names: what then? a word
That it was born to, and then it could not help it.

Or if made a Lord, perhaps it was

[*Enter Timon's 3 Servants.*

By blindness or partiality i'th' Government.

If for desert, he loses it in Pride;

Who ever's proud of his good deeds, performs

Them for himself; himself thou'd then reward 'em.

Oh but perhaps he's rich. 'Tis a million to one

There was villany in the getting of that dirt,

And he has the Nobility to have knaves for his Ancestors.

Phoæx. Hang thee thou snarling Rascal, the Government's
To blame in suffering thee to rail so long,

Apem. The Government's to blame in suffering the things
I rail at.

In suffering Judges without Beards, or Law, Secretaries that
Can't write;

Generals that durst not fight, Ambassadors that can't speak fence;

Block-heads to be great Ministers, and Lord it over witty men;

Suffering great men to sell their Country for filthy bribes,

Old limping Senators to sell their Souls

For vile extortion: Matrons to turn incontinent;

And Magistrates to pimp for their own Daughters.

Ruine of Orphans, treachery, murder, rapes,

Incests, adulteries and unnatural sins,

Fill all your dwellings, here's the shame of Government,

And not my railing. Men of hardn'd foreheads,

And fear'd hearts. 'Tis a weak and infirm Government,

That is so froward it cannot bear mens words.

Ælius. Well, babbling Philosophy, call Rascal, we shall make
You tremble one day.

Apem. Never.

Sordid great man! it is not in your power,

I fear not man no more than I can love him.

'Twere better for us that wild beasts possess

The Empire of the Earth, they'd use men better,

Than they do one another. They'd ne're prey

On man but for necessity of Nature.

Man undoes man in wantonness and sport,

Bruits are much honeste than he; my dog

When he fawns on me is no Courtier,

He is in earnest; but a man shall smile,

And with my throat cut.

Cleon. Money of me, say'st thou?

Flaminius waiting to speake with a Lord from his Master, enters a seruant to him.

Ser. I haue told my Lord of you, he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thanke you Sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Ser. Heere's my Lord.

Luc. One of Lord *Timons* men? A Guift I warrant. Why this hits right: I dreamt of a Siluer Bafon & Ewre to night. *Flaminius*, honest *Flaminius*, you are verie respectiue welcome fir. Fill me fome Wine. And how does that Honourable, Compleate, Free-hearted Gentleman of Athens, thy very bountifull good Lord and Mayfter?

Flam. His health is well fir.

Luc. I am right glad that his health is well fir: and what haft thou there vnder thy Cloake, pretty *Flaminius*?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box Sir, which in my Lords behalfe, I come to intreat your Honor to fupply: who hauing great and instant occafion to vfe fiftie Talents, hath fent to your Lordfhip to furnifh him: nothing doubting your prefent affiftance therein.

Luc. La, la, la, la: Nothing doubting fayer hee? Alas good Lord, a Noble Gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep fo good a houfe. Many a time and often I ha din'd with him, and told him on't, and come againe to fupper to him of purpofe, to haue him fpend leffe, and yet he would embrace no counfell, take no warning by my comming, euery man has his fault, and honeftly is his I ha told him on't, but I could nere get him from't.

Enter Seruant with Wine.

Ser. Pleafe your Lordfhip, heere is the Wine.

Luc. *Flaminius*, I haue noted thee alwayes wife. Heere's to thee.

Flam. Your Lordfhip fpeake your pleafure.

Luc. I haue obserued thee adwayes for a towardlie prompt fpirit. giue thee thy due, and one that knowes what belongs to reafon; and canft ufe the time wel, if the time vfe thee well. Good parts in thee; get you gone firrah. Draw neerer honest *Flaminius*. Thy Lords a bountifull Gentleman,

I *Serv.* Yes! he saies he's proud he has occasion to make Use of you.

Cleon. Is't come to that?

[*Afide.*

Unfortunate man! I have not half a Talent by me!

But here are other Lords can do it.

I honour him so, that if he will, I'll sell my Land for him;

But prethee excuse me to him, I am in great haste

At this time.

[*Ex.* *Cleon.*

I *Serv.* 'Tis as I thought. How monstrous and deform'd a Thing is base ingratitude! Here's *Phœax*. My Lord?

Phœax. Oh! one of Lord *Timons* men? a gift I warrant you. Why this hits right. I dreamt of a silver Bason and Ewer to night. How does that honourable, compleat, Free-hearted Gentleman, thy very bountiful good Lord?

I *Serv.* Well in his health, my Lord.

Phœax. I am heartily glad, what hast thou under thy Cloak, honest youth?

I *Serv.* An empty Box which by my Lords Command I come to entreat your Honour to supply with fifty Talents He has instant need of. He bids me say he does not Doubt your friendship.

Phœax. Hum! not doubt it! alas, good Lord! He's a noble Gentleman! had he not kept so good a House, 'Twould have been better: I've often din'd with him, And told him of it, and come again to Supper for That purpose to have him spend less, but 'twould not do: I am sorry for't: but good Lad thou art hopeful and of Good parts.

I *Serv.* Your Lordship speaks your pleasure.

Phœax. A prompt spirit, give thee thy due. Thou know'st What's reason. And canst use thy time well, if the time use Thee well ——— 'Tis no time to lend money. Thou art wife, Here's money for thee ——— good Lad wink at me and say Thou saw'st me not.

I *Serv.* Is't possible the World should differ so, And we alive that liv'd in't?

but thou art wife, and thou know'st well enough (although thou com'st to me) that this is no time to lend money, especially vpon bare friendship without securitie. Here's three *Solidares* for thee, good Boy winke at me, and say thou saw'st mee not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible the world should so much differ,
And we aliue that liued? Fly damned bebenefice
To him that worships thee.

Luc. Ha? Now I see thou art a Foole, and fit for thy Master.

Exit L.

Flam. May these adde to the number yt may scald thee:
Let moulten Coine be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himselfe:
Has friendship such a faint and milkie heart,
It turnes in lesse than two nights? O you Gods!
I feele my Masters passion. This Slave vnto his Honor,
Has my Lords meate in him:
Why should it thrue, and turne to Nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poyson?
O may Diseases onely worke vpon't:
And when he's sicke to death, let not that part of Nature
Which my Lord payd for, be of any power
To expell sicknesse, but prolong his hower.

Exit.

Enter Lucius, with three strangers.

Luc. Who the Lord *Timon*? He is my very good friend and an Honourable Gentleman.

1 We know him for no lesse, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing my Lord, and which I heare from common rumours, now Lord *Timons* happie hoyres are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Lucius. Fye no, doe not beleue it: hee cannot want for money.

2 But beleue you this my Lord, that not long agoe, one of his men was with the Lord *Lucullius*, to borrow so many Talents, nay vrg'd extreemly for't, and shewed what necessity belong'd too't, and yet was deny'de.

Luci. How?

2 I tell you, deny'de my Lord.

Luci. What a strange case was that? Now before the Gods I am asham'd on't. Denied that honourable man? There was verie little Honour shew'd

Apem. What art thou sent to invite those Knaves again
To feast with thy luxurious Lord?

1 Serv. No: I came to borrow fifty Talents for him,
And this Lord has given me this to say, I did not see him.

Apem. Is't come to that already?
Bafe flavish *Phæax*, thou of the Nobility?
Let molten Coin be thy damnation.

Phæax. Peace Dog.

Apem. Thou worse! thou trencher-fly, thou flatterer,
Thou hast *Timons* meat still in thy gluttonous paunch,
And dost deny him money. Why should it thrive,
And turn to nutriment when thou art poison?

2 Serv. My noble Lord.

Ifan. Oh how does thy brave Lord, my noblest friend?

2 Serv. May it please your honour, he has sent ——

Ifan. Hah —— what has he sent? I am so much oblig'd
To him, he's ever sending. How shall I thank him? hah,
What has he sent?

2 Serv. He has sent me to tell you he has occasion
To use your friendship, he has instant need
Of fifty Talents ——

Ifan. Is that the business? hah!
I know his honour is but merry with me,
He cannot want as many hundreds.

2 Serv. Yes, he wants fifty, but is assur'd of your Honours
Friendship.

Ifan. Thou art not sure in earnest?

2 Serv. Upon my life I am.

Ifan. What an unfortunate Wretch am I? to disfurnish
My self upon so good a time,
When I might have shewn how much I love
And honour him: This is the gratest affliction
E're fell upon me: the Gods can witness for me
I was just sending to my Lord my self:
I have no power to serve him, my heart bleeds for't.
I hope his honour will conceive the best;
Beast that I am, that the first good occasion

in't. For my owne part, I muſt needes confeſſe, I haue receyued ſome ſmall kindneſſes from him, as Money, Plate, Jewels, and ſuch like Trifles; nothing comparing to his: yet had hee miſtooke him, and ſent to me, I ſhould ne're haue denied his Occaſion ſo many Talents.

Enter Seruilius.

Seruil. See, by good hap yonders my Lord, I haue ſwet to ſee his Honor. My Honor'd Lord.

Lucil. Seruilius? You are kindly met ſir. Farthewell, commend me to thy Honourable vertuous Lord, my very exquisite Friend.

Seruil. May it pleaſe your Honour, my Lord hath ſent ——

Luci. Ha? what ha's he ſent? I am ſo much endeered to that Lord; hee's euer ſending: how ſhall I thank him think'ſt thou? And what has he ſent now?

Seruil. Has onely ſent his preſent Occaſion now my Lord: requeſting your Lordſhip to ſupply his inſtant uſe with ſo many Talents.

Lucil. I know his Lordſhip is but merry with me, He cannot want fifty five hundred Talents.

Seruil. But in the mean time he wants leſſe my Lord. If his occaſion were not vertuous, I ſhould not vrge it halfe ſo faithfully.

Luc. Doſt thou ſpeake ſeriously *Seruilius*?

Seruil. Vpon my ſoule 'tis true Sir.

Luci. What a wicked Beaſt was I to diſfurniſh my ſelf againſt ſuch a good time, when I might ha ſhewn my ſelfe Honourable? How vnluckily it hapned, that I ſhold Purchase the day before for a little part, and vndo a great deale of Honour? *Seruilius*, now before the Gods I am not able to do (the more beaſt I ſay) I was ſending to vſe Lord *Timon* my ſelfe, theſe Gentlemen can witneſſe; but I would not for the wealth of Athens I had done't now. Commend me bountifully to his good Lordſhip, and I hope his Honor will conceiue the faireſt of mee, becauſe I haue no power to be kinde. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greateſt afflictions ſay, that I cannot pleaſure ſuch an Honourable Gentleman. Good *Seruilius*, will you befriend mee ſo farre, as to vſe mine owne words to him?

Ser. Yes ſir, I ſhall.

Exit Seruil.

Lucil. Ile looke you out a good turne *Seruilius*. True as you ſaid, *Timon* is ſhrunke indeede,

Shou'd not be in my power to use; I beg
A thousand pardons. ——— Tell him so ———

Apem. Thou art an excellent Summer friend!
How often hast thou dip i'th' dish with him?
He has been a Father to thee with his purse,
Supported thyestate; when e're thou drink'ft,
His silver kisses thy base Lips, thou rid'ft upon
His Horses, ly'ft on his Beds.

Ifan. Peace, or I'll knock thy brains out.

[*Ex.* Ifan.]

2 Serv. My Lord, *Thrasillus* ———

Thra. He's comes to borrow, I must shun him.
I hope your Lord is well.

2 Serv. Yes, my Lord, and has sent me ———

Thra. To invite me to Dinner. I am in great haste ———
But I'll wait on him if I can possible.

[*Ex.* Thra.]

Apem. Good Fool, go home. Dost think to find a grateful
Man in *Athens*?

3 Serv. If my Lord's occasions did not press him very much
I would not urge it.

Ælius. Why would he send to me? I am poor. There's
Phæax, *Cleon*, *Ifodore*, *Thrasillus*, and *Ifander*, and many
Men that owe their fortunes to him.

3 Serv. They have been toucht and found base mettle.

Ælius. Have they deny'd him; and must you come to me?
Must I be his last refuge? 'tis a great flight,
Must I be the last fought to? he might have
Confider'd who I am.

3 Serv. I see he did not know you.

Ælius. I was the first that e're receiv'd gift from him,
And I will keep it for his honours sake,
But at present I cannot possibly supply him:
Besides, my Father made me swear upon
His Death, I never should lend money.
I've kept the Oath e're since. Fare thee well.

[*Ex.* Ælius.]

3 Serv. They all fly us!

Apem. The barbarous Herd of mankind shun
One in affliction, and turn him out as

And he that's once deny'de, will hardly speede.

Exit.

1 Do you obserue this *Hoftrilius*?

2 I, to well.

1 Why this is the worlds foule,
And iust of the same peece
Is euery Flatterers sport: who can call him his Friend
That dips in the same dish? For in my knowing
Timon has bin this Lords Father,
And kept his credit with his purse:
Supported his estate, may *Timons* money
Has paid his men their wages. He ne're drinkes,
But *Timons* Siluer treads vpon his Lip,
And yet, oh see the monstrousfneffe of man,
When he lookes out in an vngratefull shape;
He does deny him (in respect of his)
What charitable men affoord to Beggers.

3 Religion grones at it.

1 For mine owne part, I neuer tasted *Timon* in my life
Nor came any of his bounties ouer me,
To marke me for his Friend. Yet I protest,
For his right Noble minde, illustrious Vertue,
And Honourable Carriage,
Had his necessity made vse of me,
I would haue put my wealth into Donation,
And the best halfe should haue return'd to him,
So much I loue his heart: But I perceiue,
Men must learne now with pittie to dispence,
For Policy fits aboue Conscience.

Exeunt.

Enter a third seruant with Sempronius, another of Timons Friends.

Semp. Must he needs trouble me in't? Hum.
'Boue all others?
He might haue tried Lord *Lucius*, or *Lucullus*,
And now *Ventidgius* is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison. All these
Owes their estates vnto him.

Deer do one that's hunted, go, go home
 To thy fond Lord, and bid him Curfe himself,
 That would not hear me : bid him live on root
 And water, and know himself ; he had better
 Have fhun'd Mankind than be deferted by them.

[*Ex. Omnes.*]

Enter Meliffa and Chloe.

Mell. Who could have thought *Timon* fo loft i'th' world?
 With what amazement will the news of this
 So fudden alteration be receiv'd by all Athenians?

Chloe. Is it for certain true?

Mel. Certain as death or fate ! my father has affur'd me
 Of it, that he is a Bankrupt, his Credit gone, and all
 His ravenous Creditors with open Jaws will fwallow him.
 'Tis well I am inform'd, I'll ftand upon my guard.

Enter Page.

Page. Madam, a Gentleman below defires admittance.

Mel. See *Chloe*, if it be Lord *Timon*, or any one from him,
 Say I am not well. I will not be feen : be fure I
 Be not.

Chlo. I warrant you.

[*Ex. Chloe.*]

Mel. Seen by a Bankrupt ! no, bafe poverty
 Shall never enter here. Oh, were my *Alcibades*
 Recall'd, he would adore me ftill, and wou'd be
 Rich too.

Enter Alcibiades in difguife, and Chloe.

Chloe. It is a Gentleman in difguife, I know him not.

Alcib. But my Meliffa does.

[*Pulls off his Difguife.*]

Mel. My *Alcibiades* ! my Hero !

The Gods have hearkn'd to my vows for thee,
 And have Crown'd all my wifhes. Thou'rt more welcome
 To me than the return of the Suns heat

Ser. My Lord,
They haue all bin touch'd, and found Base-Mettle,
For they haue all denied him.

Semp. How? Haue they deny'de him?
Has *Ventidgius* and *Lucullus* deny'de him,
And does he send to me? Three? Humh?
It shewes but little loue, or iudgment in him.
Must I be his last Refuge? His Friends (like Phyfitians)
Thriue, giue him ouer: Must I take th'Cure vpon me?
Has much disgrac'd me in't, I'me angry at him,
That might haue knowne my place. I see no sence for't,
But his Occasions might haue wooed me first:
For in my conscience, I was the first man
That ere receiued guift from him.
And does he thinke so backwardly of me now,
That Ile requite it last? No:
So it may proue an Argument of Laughter
To th'rest, and 'mong't Lords be thought a Foole:
I'de rather then the worth of thrice the fumme,
Had sent to me first, but for my mindes sake:
I'de such a courage to do him good. But now returne,
And with their faint reply, this answer ioyne;
Who bates mine Honor, shall not know my Coyne.

Exit

Ser. Excellent: Your Lordships a goodly Villain: the diuell knew not
what he did, when hee made man Politicke; he croffed himselfe by't: and
I cannot thinke, but in the end, the Villaines of man will set him cleere. How
fairely this Lord striues to appeare foule? Takes Vertuous Copies to be
wicked: like those, that vnder hotte ardent zeale, would set whole Realmes
on fire, of such a nature is his politike loue.
This was my Lords best hope, now all are fled
Saue onely the Gods. Now his Friends are dead,
Doores that were ne're acquainted with their Wards
Many a bounteous yeere, must be imploy'd
Now to guard sure their Master:
And this is all a liberall course allowes,
Who cannot keepe his wealth, must keep his house.

Exit.

Is to the frozen Region of the North,
That's cover'd half the year with Snow and Darknefs.

Alcib. My Joy, my life, my blood, my foul, my liberty,
Within my arms: This treasure far outweighs
The joys of Conquest, or deliverance
From banishment or slavery.

Mel. How proud am I of all thy victories!
'Twas thou that Conquer'd, but I triumph'd for thee,
All day I figh'd and wish'd, and pray'd for thee,
And in the night thou entertain'dst my sleeps,
And whensoever I dreamt thou wert in danger,
I cry'd out, my *Alcibiades*, and in my dreams
I was valiant, and methought I fought for thee.

Alcib. Oh my Divine *Melissa*! the Cordial of thy love
Is of so strong a spirit, 'twill overcome me,
One kiss and take my foul; another and
'Twill fall out; Oh, I could fix whole ages on
Thy tender lip; and pity all the Fools
That keep a senseless pother in the world for power,
And pomp, and noise, and lose substantial bliss.

Mel. There is no bliss but love; and but for that
The world would fall in pieces! Oh, with what a grief
Have I sustain'd thy absence! had not my Father
Prevented my escape, I had come to thee.

Alcib. 'Twas well for *Athens* safety that thou did'st not;
I had neglected all my Conquests which
Preserved this base ungrateful town; for I
In thee should have all that I fought for; Thou
Would'st have been life, liberty, Country, and Estate to me.

Mel. I have the end of all my hopes and wishes,
If the ungrateful Senate will let me keep thee.

Alcib. 'Twas I that made them what they are, in hopes
They soon would call me home to thee.
It was the thought of that which fir'd my Soul,
At every stroke the memory of *Melissa*
Gave vigour to my arm, and made me conquer.

Mel. Oh, let ambition never more disturb

Thy noble mind, let love in peace possess it.
Let not the noise of Drums and Trumpets clangor,
Clashing of arms, and neighing Steeds, and groans
Of bleeding men entice thee from me.

Alcib. The Senate shall not dare remove me from thee.
Should they once offer it, I've an Army will
Toss their furious bags about their ears,
Rifle their Houses, deflower their Wives and Daughters,
And dash their brains out of their doating heads.
But dear *Melissa*, since our hearts so long
Have been united, let's not stay for friends,
For ceremony, but come, compleat our joys;
True love's above senseless formalities.

Mel. If any thing from you could anger me,
This would; but know, none shall invade my virtue
Without my life: but on my knees I vow
No other man, though Crown'd the Emperour
Of all the World, should ever have my love,
And though thy Country basely should desert thee,
I would continue firm.

Alcib. And here
I swear, that could I conquer all the Universe,
I'd lay the Crowns and Scepters at thy feet
For thee to tread on. By thy self I swear,
An Oath more sacred far to me, than all
Mock Deities which knavish Priests invent,
Are to the poor deluded Rabble.

Chloe. Madam! Your Father is come in.

Mel. Let us retire: my Father has not yet
Forgotten his enmity, the breaking of the
Peace with the Lacedemonians, and his foil
Which he thinks you caus'd in *Sicily*,
Hee'll not forgive.

Alcib. Had he injur'd me beyond all sufferance,
I would have forgotten him for begetting thee.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Timon and Servant.

Tim. Is't possible? deserted thus? what large professions
Did all these make but yesterday? did they all refuse to lend,
Say you?

1 Serv. The rumour of your borrowing was soon
Dispers'd, and then at sight of one of us
They would stop, start, turn short, pass by, or seem
To overlook us, and avoided us,
As if we had been their mortal Enemies;
And who suspected not when they were mov'd,
Came off with base excuses.

Tim. Ye Gods! what will become of *Timon*? I'll go to 'em
My self, they will not have the face to use me so.

Enter Demetrius.

Oh *Demetrius*! what news bring'st thou from the Senate?

Dem. I am return'd no richer than I went.

Tim. Just Gods! it cannot be.

Dem. They answer in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are to ebb, want Treasure, cannot,
Do what they would, are sorry; you are Honourable;
But yet they could have wisht; they know not,
Something has been amiss; a noble nature
May catch a wrench; would all were well; 'tis pity;
And so intending other serious matters,
After distateful looks, and these hard frowns,
With certain half caps and cold careless nods,
They froze me into silence.

Tim. The Gods reward their Villany, Old men
Have their ingratitude natural to 'em;
Their blood is cak'd and cold, it seldom flows,
'Tis want of kindly warmth which makes 'em cruel,
And Nature as it grows again towards earth,
Is fashion'd for the Journey, dull and heavy.
Heav'n keep my Wits! or is't a blessing to be mad?
Demetrius follow me; I'll try 'em all my self.

Enter Varro's man, meeting others. All Timons Creditors to wait for his coming out. Then enter Lucius and Hortensius.

Var. man. Well met, goodmorrow Titus & Hortensius

Tit. The like to you kinde Varro.

Hort. Lucius, what do we meet together?

Luci. I, and I think one bufineffe do's command vs all.
For mine is money.

Tit. So is theirs, and ours.

Enter Philotus.

Luci. And fir *Philotus* too.

Phil. Good day at once.

Luci. Welcome good Brother.

What do you thinke the houre?

Phil. Labouring for Nine.

Luci. So much?

Phil. Is not my Lord feene yet?

Luci. Not yet.

Phil. I wonder on't, he was wont to fhine at feauen.

Luci. I, but the dayes are waxt fhorter with him:

You muft confider, that a Prodigall courfe

Is like the Sunnes, but not like his recouerable, I feare:

'Tis deepeft Winter in Lord *Timons* purfe, that is: One may reach deepe enough, and yet finde little.

Phil. I am of your feare, for that.

Tit. Ile fhew you how t'obferue a ftrange euent:

Your Lord fends now for Money?

Hort. Moft true, he doe's.

Tit. And he weares Iewels now of *Timons* guift,
For which I waite for money.

Hort. It is againft my heart.

Luci. Marke how ftrange it fhoves,
Timon in this, fhould pay more then he owes:
And e'en as if your Lord fhould weare rich Iewels,
And fend for money for 'em.

Dem. The Senate is assembling again,
You'll find 'em in the Senate House.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter many Creditors with Bills and Papers,
Re-enter Demetrius.*

Dem. How now, what makes this swarm of Rascals here?
Each looking big, and with the visage of demand.

1 *Cred.* We wait for certain sums of money due.

Dem. If money were as certain as your waiting,
Why then proffer'd you not your Bills and Bonds
When your false Masters eat of my Lords meat?
Then they would smile and fawn upon him,
And swallow the interest down their greedy throats.

Enter Timon and Servants.

Tim. If *Meliffa* be at home, tell her I'll wait on her suddenly.

1 *Cred.* Now, let's put in; my Lord, my Bill.

2 *Cred.* Here's mine.

3 *Cred.* And mine.

4 *Cred.* My Master's.

Tim. Hold, hold, my wits. Knock me down;
Cleave me to the waste. What would you have, you Harpyes?

1 *Cred.* We ask our due.

Tim. Cut my heart in pieces and divide it.

4 *Cred.* My Master's is thirty Talents.

Tim. Tell it out of my blood.

2 *Cred.* Five thousand Crowns is mine.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.
What yours, and yours?

3 *Cred.* My Lord.

1 *Cred.* My Lord.

Tim. Here, take me, pull me in pieces, will you?
The gods consume, confound, and rot you all.

1 *Cred.* What a Devil, is he mad?

2 *Cred.* Mercy on us, let us be gone.

Hort. I'me weary of this Charge,
The Gods can witneffe:
I know my Lord hath spent of *Timons* wealth,
And now Ingratitude, makes it worfe then ftealth.

Varro. Yes, mine's three thoufand Crownes:
What's yours?

Luci. Fiue thoufand mine.

Varro. 'Tis much deepe, and it fhould|feem by th'fum
Your Mafters confidence was aboue mine,
Elfe furely his had equall'd.

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of Lord *Timons* men.

Luc. *Flaminius*? Sir, a word: Pray is my Lord readie to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed he is not.

Tit. We attend his Lordfhip: pray fignifie fo much.

Flam. I need not tell him that, he knowes you are too diligent.

Enter Steward in a Cloake, muffled.

Luci. Ha: is not that his Steward muffled fo?

He goes away in a Clowd: Call him, call him.

Tit. Do you heare, fir?

2. *Varro.* By your leaue, fir.

Stew. What do ye aske of me, my Friend.

Tit. We waite for certaine Money heere, fir.

Stew. I, if Money were as certaine as your waiting,
'Twere fure enough.

Why then preferr'd you not your fummies and Billes
When your falfe Mafters eate of my Lords meat?
Then they could fmile, and fawne vpon his debts,
And take downe th'Intrest into their glutt'nous Mawes.
You do your felues but wrong, to ftirre me vp,
Let me paffe quietly:

Beleeu't, my Lord and I haue made an end,
I haue no more to reckon, he to fpend.

Luci. I, but this anfwer will not ferue.

Stew. If't 'twill not ferue, 'tis not fo bafe as you,
For you ferue Knaues.

1. *Varro.* How? What does his cafheer'd Worfhip mutter?

3 *Cred.* Let's go, hee'll murder some of us.

Tim. They have e'en taken my breath from me. Slaves,
Creditors, Dogs, preserve my wits, you Gods.

Dem. My Lord, be patient; passion mends it not.

[*Lampridius, crosses the stage and shuns Timon.*

Tim. See *Lampridius*, whom I redeem'd out of Prison.
His Father dead since, and he rich. Now the Villain
Shuns me.

Enter Phæax.

Oh my good Friend *Phæax*.

Phæax. Oh my Lord —— I am glad to see your Lordship.
I have a sudden occasion calls me hence,
I'll wait on you instantly.

[*Ex. Phæax.*

Tim. I could not have believ'd this.

Enter Cleon.

My Lord.

Cleon. Oh my good Lord, I am going to see
If I can serve your Lordship in the Command
I receiv'd from you by your Servant.

[*Ex. Cleon.*

Tim. Oh black Ingratitude! that Villain has
A Jewel at this moment on, which I presented him,
Cost me three thousand Crowns.

Dem. You'll find 'em all like these.

Tim. There are not many fure so bad.
How have I lov'd these men, and shewn 'em kindness,
As if they had been my Brothers, or my Sons!

[*Enter Diphilus, seeing Timon, mufles his face and turns away.*

Look, is not that my Servant Diphilus, whom I marry'd to
The old Man's Daughter, and gave him an estate too;
And now he hides himself, and steals from me?
How much is a Dog more generous than a man;
Oblige him once, hee'l keep you Company,
Ev'n in your utmost want and misery.

2. *Varro*. No matter what, |hee's poore, and that's reuenge enough. Who can speake broader, then hee that has no houle to put his head in? Such may rayle against great buildings.

Enter Seruilius.

Tit. Oh heere's *Seruilius*: now wee shal know some answere.

Seru. If I might beseech you Gentlemen, to repayre some other houre, I should deriue much from't. For tak't of my soule, my Lord leanes wondrously to discontent: His comfortable temper has forooke him, he's much out of health, and keepe his Chamber.

Luci. Many do keepe their Chambers, are not ficke:
And if it be so farre beyond his health,
Me thinks he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a cleere way to the Gods.

Seruil. Good Gods.

Titus. We cannot take this for answer, sir.

Flaminius within. *Seruilius* helpe, my Lord, my Lord.

Enter Timon in a rage.

Tim. What, are my dores oppos'd against my passage?
Haue I bin ever free, and must my houle
Be my retentive Enemy? My Gaole?
The place which I haue Feasted, does it now
(Like all Mankinde) shew me an Iron heart?

Luci. Put in now *Titus*.

Tit. My Lord, heere is my Bill.

Luci. Here's mine.

1. *Var.* And mine, my Lord.

2. *Var.* And ours, my Lord.

Pholo. All our Billes.

Tim. Knocke me downe with 'em, cleaue mee to the Girdle.

Luc. Alas, my Lord.

Tim. Cut my heart in fummets.

Tit. Mine, fifty Talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Fiue thousand Crownes, my Lord.

Tim. Fiue thousand drops payes that.

What yours? and yours?

Enter Ælius.

Who's that? *Ælius?* my Lord ——— *Ælius.*

Demetrius, go let him know *Timon* would speak

With him ———

[*Dem. goes to him, he turns back.*]

Do you not know me *Ælius?*

Ælius. Not know my good Lord *Timon*!

Tim. Think you I have the Plague?

Ælius. No, my Lord.

Tim. Why do you fhun me then?

Ælius. I fhun you? I'd ferve your Lordfhip with my life.

Tim. I'll not believe, he who would refufe me money,

Wou'd venture his life for me.

Ælius. I am very unfortunate not to have it in my Power

To fupply you; but I am going to the Forum, to a Debter,

If I receive any, your Lordfhip fhall command it.

[*Ex. Ælius.*]

Tim. Had I fo lately all the Caps and Knees of th' Athenians,
And is't come to this? Brains hold a little.

Enter Thrafillus.

Thraf. Who's there? *Timon?*

[*runs back.*]

Tim. There's another Villain.

Enter Ifander.

How is't *Ifander?*

Ifand. Oh Heav'n! *Timon!*

Tim. What, did I fright you? am I become fo dreadful
An Object? is poverty contagious?

Ifand. Your Lordfhip ever fhall be dear to me.
It makes me weep to think I cou'd not ferve you
When you fent your Servant. I am expected at the Senate.
I humbly ask your pardon; I'll fell all I have
But I'll fupply you foon.

[*Ex. Ifander.*]

Tim. Smooth tongue, diffembling, weeping knave, farewell.
And farewell all Mankind! It fhall be fo ——— *Demetrius!*

1. *Var.* My Lord.

2. *Var.* My Lord.

Tim. Teare me, take me, and the Gods fall vpon you. *Exit Timon.*

Hort. Faith I perceiue our Masters may throwe their caps at their money, these debts may well be call'd desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em.

Enter Timon.

Exeunt.

Timon. They haue e'ene put my breath from mee the flaues. Creditors? Diuels.

Stew. My deere Lord.

Tim. What if it should be so?

Stew. My Lord.

Tim. Ile haue it so. My Steward?

Stew. Heere my Lord.

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my Friends againe,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius Vllorxa: All,
Ile once more feast the Rascals.

Stew. O my Lord, you onely speake from your diftracted foule; there's not so much left to furnish out a moderate Table.

Tim. Be it not in thy care:

Go I charge thee, inuite them all, let in the tide
Of Knaues once more: my Cooke and Ile prouide.

Exeunt

Enter three Senators at one doore, Alcibiades meeting them, with Attendants.

1. *Sen.* My Lord, you haue my voyce, too't,
The faults Bloody:
'Tis necessary he should dye:

Nothing imboldens finne so much, as Mercy.

2 Most true; the Law shall bruite 'em.

Alc. Honor, health, and compassion to the Senate.

1 Now Captaine.

Alc. I am an humble Sutor to your Vertues;
For pittie is the vertue of the Law,
And none but Tyrants vse it cruelly.
It pleases time and Fortune to lye heauie
Vpon a Friend of mine, who in hot blood
Half stept into the Law: which is past depth
To those that (without heede) do plundge intoo't.

Go to all these fellows. Tell 'em I'm supply'd, I have no
Need of 'em. Set out my condition to be as good
As formerly it has been. That this was but a Tryal,
And invite 'em all to Dinner.

Dem. My Lord, there's nothing for 'em.

Tim. I have taken order about that.

Dem. What can this mean?

[*Ex.* Demetrius.

Tim. I have one reserve can never fail me,
And while *Melissa's* kind I can't be miserable;
She has a vast fortune in her own disposal.
The Sun will sooner leave his course than she
Desert me.

He is a Man (setting his Fate aside) of comely Vertues,
 Nor did he foyle the fact with Cowardice,
 (And Honour in him, which buyes out his fault)
 But with a Noble Fury, and faire spirit,
 Seeing a Reputation touch'd to death,
 He did oppose his Foe:
 And with such sober and vnnoted passion
 He did bechooue his anger ere 'twas spent,
 As if he had but prou'd an Argument.

1. *Sen.* You vndergo too strict a Paradox,
 Striuing to make an vgly deed looke faire:
 Your words haue tooke such paines, as if they labour'd
 To bring Man-slaughter into forme, and set Quarrelling
 Vpon the head of Valour; which indeede
 Is Valour mis-begot, and came into the world,
 When Sects, and Factions were newly borne.
 Hee's truly Valiant, that can wisely suffer
 The worst that man can breath,
 And make his Wrongs, his Out-fides,
 To weare them like his Rayment, carelessly,
 And ne're preferre his iniuries to his heart,
 To bring it into danger.
 If Wrongs be euilles, and inforce vs kill,
 What Folly 'tis, to hazard life for Ill.

Alci. My Lord.

1. *Sen.* You cannot make grosse finnes looke cleare,
 To reuenge is no Valour, but to beare.

Alci. My Lords, then vnder fauor, pardon me,
 If I speake like a Captaine.
 Why do fond men expose themselues to Battell,
 And not endure all threats? Sleepe vpon't,
 And let the Foes quietly cut their Throats
 Without repugnancy? If there be
 Such Valour in the bearing, what make wee
 Abroad? Why then, Women are more valiant
 That stay at home, if Bearing carry it:
 And the Affe, more Captaine then the Lyon?

The fellow loaden with Irons, wifer then the Iudge?
 If Wifedome be in fuffering, Oh my Lords!
 As you are great, be pittifully Good,
 Who cannot condemne rafhneffe in cold blood?
 To kill, I grant, is finnes extreameft Guft,
 But in defence, by Mercy, 'tis moft iuft.
 To be in Anger, is impietie:
 But who is Man, that is not Angrie.
 Weigh but the Crime with this.

2. *Sen.* You breath in vaine.

Alci. In vaine?

His feruice done at Lacedemon, and Bizantium,
 Were a fufficient briber for his life.

1 What's that?

Alc. Why fay my Lords ha's done faire feruice,
 And flaine in fight many of your enemies:
 How full of valour did he beare himfelfe
 In the laft conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2 He has made too much plenty with him:
 He's fworne Riotor, he has a finne
 That often drownes him, and takes his valour prifoner.
 If there were no Foes, that were enough
 To ouercome him. In that Beaftly furie,
 He has bin knowne to commit outrages,
 And cherrifh Factions. 'Tis inferr'd to vs,
 His dayes are foule, and his drinke dangerous.

1 He dyes.

Alci. Hard fate: he might haue dyed in warre.
 My Lords, if not for any parts in him,
 Though his right arme might purchafe his owne time,
 And be in debt to none: yet more to moue you,
 Take my deferts to his, and ioyne 'em both.
 And for I know, your reuerend Ages loue Security,
 Ile pawne my Victories, all my Honour to you
 Vpon his good returnes.
 If by this Crime, he owes the Law his life,
 Why let the Warre receiue't in valiant gore,

For Law is strict, and Warre is nothing more.

1 We are for Law, he dyes, vrge it no more
On height of our displeasure: Friend, or Brother,
He forfeits his owne blood, that spilles another.

Alc. Must it be so? It must not bee:

My Lords, I do beseech you know mee.

2 How?

Alc. Call me to your remembrances.

3 What.

Alc. I cannot thinke but your Age has forgot me,
It could not else be, I should proue so base,
To sue and be deny'de such common Grace.
My wounds ake at you.

1 Do you dare our anger?

'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect:
We banish thee for euer.

Alc. Banish me?

Banish your dotage, banish vfurie,
That makes the Senate vgly.

1 If after two dayes shine, Athens containe thee,
Attend our weightier Iudgment.
And not to swell our Spirit,
He shall be executed presently.

Exeunt.

Alc. Now the Gods keepe you old enough,
That you may liue
Onely in bone, that none may looke on you.
I'm worse then mad: I haue kept backe their Foes
While they haue told their Money, and let out
Their Coine vpon large interest. I my selfe,
Rich onely in large hurts. All those, for this?
Is this the Balsome, that the vfuring Senat
Powres into Captaines wounds? Banishment.
It comes not ill: I hate not to be banisht,
It is a cause worthy my Spleene and Furie,
That I may strike at Athens. Ile cheere vp
My discontented Troopes, and lay for hearts;
'Tis Honour with most Lands to be at ods,
Souldiers should brooke as little wrongs as Gods.

Exit.

Enter first Servant.

Is *Meliffa* at home?

1 Serv. She is, my Lord; but will not see you.

Tim. What does the Rascal say? Damn'd Villain
To bely her so?

[*Strikes him.*

1 Serv. By Heav'n 'tis truth. She saies she will not see you.
Her woman told me first so. And when I would not
Believe her, she came and told me so her self;
That she had no business with you; desir'd you would
Not trouble her; she had affairs of consequence; &c.

Tim. Now *Timon* thou art fallen indeed; fallen from all thy
Hopes of happiness. Earth, open and swallow the
Most miserable wretch that thou did'st ever bear.

Enter Meliffa.

1 Serv. My Lord, *Meliffa's*! passing by.

Tim. Oh Dear *Meliffa*!

Mel. Is he here? what luck is this?

Tim. Will you not look on me? not see your *Timon*?
And did not you send me word so?

Enter Evandra.

Mel. I was very busy, and am so now; I must obey my
Father; I am going to him.

Tim. Was it not, *Meliffa*, said; If *Timon* were reduc'd
To rags and misery, and she were Queen of all the Universe,
She would not change her love?

Mel. We can't command our wills;
Our fate must be obey'd.

[*Ex. Mel.*

Tim. Some Mountain cover me, and let my name,
My odious name be never heard of more.
O stragling Senses whither are you going?
Farewel, and may we never meet again.
Evandra! how does the sight of her perplex me!

I've been ungrateful to her, why should I
Blame Villains who are so to me?

Evan. Oh *Timon*! I have heard and felt all thy afflictions;
I thought I never shou'd have seen thee more;
Nor ever would had'st thou contin'd prosperous.
Let false *Meliffa* basely fly from thee,
Evandra is not made of that course stuff.

Tim. Oh turn thy eyes from an ungrateful man!

Evan. No, since I first beheld my ador'd *Timon*,
They have been fixt upon thee present, and when absent
I've each moment view'd thee in my mind,
And shall they now remove?

Tim. Wilt thou not fly a wretched Caitif? who
Has such a load of misery beyond
The strength of humane nature to support?

Evan. I am no base Athenian Parasite,
To fly from thy Calamities; I'll help to bear 'em.

Tim. Oh my *Evandra*, they're not to be born.
Accursed *Athens*! Forest of two legg'd Beasts;
Plague, civil War, and famine, be thy lot:
Let propagation cease, that none of thy
Confounding spurious brood may spring
To infect and damn succeeding Generations;
May every Infant like the Viper gnaw
A passage through his mothers curst Womb;
And kill the hag, or if they fail of it,
May then the Mothers like fell rav'nous Bitches
Devour their own base Whelps.

Evan, Timon! compose thy thoughts, I know thy wants,
And that thy Creditors like wild Beasts wait
To prey upon thee; and base *Athens* has
To its eternal Infamy deserted thee.
But thy unwearied bounty to *Evandra*
Has so enrich'd her, she in wealth can vie
With any of th' extorting Senators,
And comes to lay it all at thy feet.

Tim. Thy most amazing generosity o'whelms me:

Enter diuers Friends at feuerall doores.

1 The good time of day to you, fir.

2 I alfo wifh it to you: I thinke this Honorable Lord did but try vs this other day.

1 Vpon that were my thoughts trying when wee encountred. I hope it is not fo low with him as he made it feeme in the triall of his feuerall Friends.

2 It fhould not be, by the perfuafion of his new Feafting.

1 I fhould thinke fo. He hath fent mee an earneft inuiting, which many my neere occafions did vrge mee to put off: but he hath coniur'd mee beyond them, and I muft needs appeare.

2 In like manner was I in debt to my importunat bufineffe, but he would not heare my excufe. I am forrie, when he fent to borrow of mee, that my Prouifion was out.

It covers me all o're with shame and blushes.
 Thou hast oblig'd a wretch too much already,
 And I have us'd thee ill for't; fly, fly, *Evandra!*
 I have rage and madness, and I shall infect thee.
 Earth! take me to thy Center; open quickly!
 Oh that the World were all on fire!

Evan. Oh my dear Lord! this sight will break my heart;
 Take comfort to you, let your Creditors
 Swallow their maws full; we have yet enough,
 Let us retire together and life free
 From all the smiles and frowns of humane kind;
 I shall have all I wish for, having thee.

Tim. My senses are not found, I never can
 Deserve thee: I've us'd thee scurvily.

Evan. No, my dear *Timon*, thou hast not.
 Comfort thy self, if thou hast been unkind,
 Forgive thy self and I forgive thee for it.

Tim. I never will;
 Nor will I be oblig'd to one,
 I have treated so injuriously as her ———

[*Afide.*

Evan. Pray, my Lord, go home; strive to compose
 Your self. All that I have was and is yours; I wish
 It ne'er had been, that yet I might have shewn
 By stronger proofs how much I love my *Timon*.

Tim. Most Excellent of all the whole Creation,
 Thou art too good that thou should'st e're partake
 Of my misfortunes ———

And I am resolv'd not to involve her in 'em.

[*Afide.*

Prithee *Evandra* go to thy own House,
 I am once more to give my flatt'ring Rogues
 An entertainment but such a one as shall besit 'em;
 And then I'll see thee.

Evan. Heav'n ever blefs my Dear.

[*Ex. Timon and Evandra.*

Enter Phæax, Cleon, Ifander, Ifidore, Thrafillus, Ælius.

Phæ. I think my honourable Lord did but try us.

- 1 I am ficke of that greefe too, as I vnderftand how all things go.
 2 Euery man heares fo: what would hee haue borrowed of you?
 1 A thoufand Peeces.
 2 A thoufand Peeces?
 1 What of you?
 2 He fent to me fir ——— Heere he comes.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart Gentlemen both; and how fare you?

- 1 Euer at the beft, hearing well of your Lourdship.
 2 The Swallow followes not Summer more willing, then we your Lordship.

Tim. Nor more willingly leaues Winter, fuch Summer Birds are men. Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompence this long ftay: Feaft your eares with the Muficke awhile: If they will fare fo harfhly o'th' Trumpets found: we fhall too't prefently.

1 I hope it remaines not vnkindely with your Lordship, that I return'd you an empty Mefenger.

Tim. O fir, let it not trouble you.

2 My Noble Lord.

Tim. Ah my good Friend, what cheere? *The Banket brought in*

2 My moft Honorable Lord, I am e'ne fick of fhame, that when your Lordship this other day fent to me, I was fo vnfortunate a Beggar.

Tim. Thinke not on't, fir.

2 If you had fent but two houres before.

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.
 Come bring it all together.

2 All couer'd Difhes.

1 Royall Cheare, I warrant you.

3 Doubt not that, if money and the feafon can yield it

1 How do you? What's the newes?

3 *Alcibiades* is banifh'd: heare you of it?

Both. *Alcibiades* banifh'd?

3 'Tis fo, be fure of it.

1 How? How?

2 I pray you vpon what?

Cleon. On my life it was no more. His Steward affur'd
Me his condition was near as good as ever.

Ifand. That I doubt —— but 'tis well at present
By his new feasting.

Ælius. I am sorry I was not furnish'd when he sent to me.

Ifid. I am sick of that grief, now I see how all things go.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Tim. Oh! my kind friends! how is't with you all?
How I rejoice to see you! Come, serve in Dinner.

Phæax. My noble Lord! never so well as when your
Lordship is so.

Ælius. I am sick with shame that I
Should be so unfortunate a Beggar when you sent to me.

Tim. No more, no more, I did but make Tryal: I have
No need of any fums; my Estate is in good health still.

Phæax. Tryal my good Lord? Would any one refuse
Your Lordship were it in his power? Command half
My estate! I am sorry I was so in haste, I could
Not say to tell you this. I have receiv'd Bills even now.
Pray use me—I hope he will not take me at my word.

[*aside*]

Ifan. Take it not unkindly, my good Lord, that I could
Not serve you. Now my Lord command me —— I am able.

Tim. I beseech you do not think on't: I know ye love me,
All of ye.

Phæax. Equal with our selves, my dear Lord.

Thra. If you had sent but two hours before to me? ——

Cleon. Now I have money, pray command it.

Tim. No more, for Heav'n's sake; think you I distrust
My kind good friends! you are the best of friends.
My fortune ne're shall drive me from you, and should
Mine fail, which I hope it never will,
I know I may command all yours.

Phæax. I shall think my self happy enough if you would
But command my utmost *Drachma*.

Ælius. That we honour indeed; to serve Lord *Timon*,

Tim. My worthy Friends, will you draw neere?

3 Ile tell you more anon. Here's a Noble feaft toward

2 This is the old man ftill.

3 Wilt hold? Wilt hold?

2 It do's: but time will, and fo.

3 I do conceyue.

Tim. Each man to his ftooke, with that fpurre as hee would to the lip of his Miftris: your dyet fhall bee in all places alike. Make not a Citie Feaft of it, to let the meat coole, ere we can agree vpon the firft place. Sit, fit. The Gods require our Thankes.

You great Benefactors, fprinkle our Society with Thankefulneffe. For your owne guiſts, make your felues prais'd: But referue ftill to giue, leaſt your Deities be deſpised. Lend to each man enough, that one neede not lend to another. For were your Godheads to borrow of men, men would forſake the Gods. Make the Meate be beloved, more then the Man that giues it. Let no Affembly of Twenty, be without a ſcore of Villaines. If there fit twelue Women at the Table, let a dozen of them bee as they are. The reſt of your Fees, O Gods, the Senators of Athens, together with the common legge of People, what is amiſſe in them, you Gods, make futeable for deſtruction. For theſe my preſent Friends, as they are to mee nothing, ſo in nothing bleſſe them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Vancouer Dogges, and lap.

Some ſpeake. What do's his Lordſhip meane?

Some other. I know not.

Timon. May you a better Feaſt neuer behold
 You knot of Mouth-Friends: Smoke, & luekwarm water
 Is your perfection. This is *Timons* laſt,
 Who ftucke and fpangled you with Flatteries,
 Waſhes it off, and fprinkles in your faces
 Your reeking villany. Liue loath'd, and long
 Moſt ſmiling, ſmooth, deteſted Paraſites,
 Curteous Deſtroyers, affable Wolues, meeke Beares:
 You Fooles of Fortune, Trencher-friends, Times Flyes,
 Cap and knee-Slaues, vapours, and Minute lackes.
 Of Man and Beaſt, the infinite Maladie
 Cruſt you quite o're. What do'ſt thou go?
 Soft, take thy Phyſicke firſt; thou too, and thou:

I would with life and fortune.

Ifan. Alas! who would not be proud of it?

Ifid. Not a man in *Athens*.

Cleon. There's no foot of my Estate your Lordship
May not call your own.

Thra. Nor mine, my noble Lord.

Tim. Thanks to my worthy friends. Who has such
Kind, such hearty friends as I have?

Ælius. All cover'd Dishes.

Ifan. Royal cheer I warrant you.

Phæax. Doubt not of that; if money or the season
Can afford it.

Ifid. The same good Lord still.

Tim. Come, my worthy Friends, let's fit! make it
Not a City feast, to let the meat cool e're we agree
Upon our places.

The GRACE.

YOU great Benefactors, make your selves prais'd for your own gifts, base
ungrateful man will not do it of himself; reserve still to give, lest your
Deities be despis'd; were your Godheads to borrow of men, men
would for sake ye: make the meat belov'd more than the man that gives it.
Let no Assembly of twenty be without a score of Villains. If there be
twelve women, let a dozen of'em be—as they are. Confound I beseech you,
all the Senators of Athens, together with the common people. What is amiss
make fit for destruction; for these my present friends, as they are to me nothing,
so in nothing blefs them, and to nothing are they welcome, but Toads and
Snakes: A feast fit for such venomous Knaves.

Phæax. What does he mean?

Ælius. He's mad I think.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold.
You knot of mouth friends, vapours, lukewarm Knaves;
Most smiling, smooth detested Parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable Wolves, meek Bears,
You Fools of Fortune, Trencher Friends, Time Flies,

Stay I will lend thee money, borrow none.
 What? All in Motion? Henceforth be no Feast,
 Whereat a Villaine's not a welcome Guest.
 Burne house, finke Athens, henceforth hated be
 Of *Timon* Man, and all Humanity.

Exit

Enter the Senators, with other Lords.

- 1 How now, my Lords?
- 2 Know you rhe quality of Lord *Timons* fury?
- 3 Pufh, did you fee my Cap?
- 4 I haue loft my Gowne.
- 1 He's but a mad Lord, & nought but humors fwaies him. He gaue me a
 Iewell th'other day, and now hee has beate it out of my hat.
 Did you fee my Iewell?
- 2 Did you fee my Cap.
- 3 Heere 'tis.
- 4 Heere lyes my Gowne.
- 1 Let's make no ftay.
- 2 Lord *Timons* mad.
- 3 I feel't vpon my bones .
- 4 One day he giues vs Diamonds, next day ftones. *Exeunt the Senators.*

Enter Timon.

Tim. Let me looke backe vpon thee. O thou Wall
 That girdles in thofe Wolues, diue in the earth,
 And fence not Athens. Matrons, turne incontinent,
 Obedience fayle in Children: Slaues and Fooles
 Plucke the graue wrinkled Senate from the Bench,
 And minifter in their fteeds, to generall Filthes.
 Conuert o'th'infant greene Virginity,
 Doo't in your Parents eyes. Bankrupts, hold faft
 Rather then render backe; out with your Kniues,
 And cut your Trufters throates. Bound Seruants, fteale,
 Large-handed Robbers your graue Mafters are,
 And pill by Law. Maide, to thy Mafters bed,

Cap and knee Slaves; an everlasting Leprosie
 Cruft you quite o're; what, dost thou steal away?
 Soft, take thy Physick first, and thou, and thou; stay I will
 Lend thee mony ——— borrow none.

Phæax. What means your Lordship? I'll be gone.

Cleon. And I. He'll murder us.

Ælius. This is raging madness; fly, fly.

[*They run off.*]

Tim. *What all in motion! henceforth be no feast,
 Whereat a Villain's not a welcome guest.
 Burn House, sink Athens, henceforth hated be
 Of Timon, man and all humanitie.*

[*Ex. Timon.*]

ACT IV.

Timon Solus.

Tim. **L**ET me look back upon thee! Oh thou wall
 That girdlest in those Wolves! Sink in the Earth,
 And fence not *Athens* longer; that vile Den
 Of savage Beasts; ye Matrons all turn Whores;
 Obedience fail in Children; Slaves and Fools
 Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the Bench,
 And minister in their stead. To general filths
 Convert o'th' infant green Virginitie;
 Do't in their Parents Eyes. Bankrupts hold fast,
 Rather than render back, out with your Knives,
 And cut your Truflers Throats. Bound Servants steal;
 Large handed Robbers your grave Masters are,

Thy Miftris is o'th'Brothell. Some of fixteen,
 Plucke the lyn'd Crutch from thy old limping Sire,
 With it, beate out his Braines. Piety, and Feare,
 Religion to the Gods, Peace, Iuftice, Truth,
 Domefticke awe, Night-reft, and Neighbour-hood,
 Inftruction, Manners, Myfteries, and Trades,
 Degrees, Obferuances, Cuftomes, and Lawes,
 Decline to your confounding contraries.
 And yet Confufion liue: Plagues incident to men,
 Your potent and infectious Feauors, heape
 On Athens ripe for ftroke. Thou cold Sciatica,
 Cripple our Senators, that their limbes may halt
 As lamely as their Manners. Luft, and Libertie
 Creepe in the Mindes and Marrowes of our youth,
 That 'gainft the ftream of Vertue they may ftriue,
 And drowne themfelues in Riot. Itches, Blaines,
 Sowe all th'Athenian bofomes, and their crop
 Be generall Leprofie: Breath, infect breath,
 That their Society (as their Friendfhip) may
 Be meerely poyfon. Nothing Ile beare from thee
 But nakedneffe, thou deteftable Towne,
 Take thou that too, with multiplying Bannes:
Timon will to the Woods, where he fhall finde
 Th'vnkindeft Beaft, more kinder than Mankinde.
 The Gods confound (heare me you good Gods all)
 Th'Athenians both within and out that Wall:
 And graunt as *Timon* growes, his hate grow
 To the whole race of Mankinde, high and low.
 Amen.

Exit.

Enter Steward with two or three Seruants.

I Heare you M.Steward, where's our Mafter?
 Are we vndone, caft off, nothing remaining?
Stew. Alack my Fellowes, what fhould I fay to you?
 Let me be recorded by the righteous Gods,
 I am as poore as you.

And pill by law. Maid to thy Masters Bed,
Mistress to the Brothel. Son of twenty one,
Pluck the lin'd Crutch from thy old limping Sire:
And with it beat his brains out. Piety, Fear,
Religion to the Gods; Peace, Justice, Truth,
Domestick awe, night rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, Manners, Mysteries and Trades,
Degrees, Observations, Customs and Laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries;
And let confusion live. Plagues incident to men,
Your potent and infectious feavours heap
On *Athens* ripe for vengeance. Cold *Sciatica*
Cripple the Senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners. Lust and Liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of your youth;
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive
And drown themselves in riot. Itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenians bosoms, and their Crop
Be general Leprosie. Breath infect breath;
That their Society as their friendship, may
Be meerly poison. Nothing, nothing I bear from thee:
Farewel, thou most detested Town, and sudden
Ruine swallow thee.

[*Ex.* Tim.]

1 Such a House broke?

So Noble a Master false, all gone, and not
One Friend to take his Fortune by the arme,
And go along with him.

2 As we do turne our backs

From our Companion, throwne into his graue,
So his Familiars to his buried Fortunes
Slinke all away, leaue their false vowes with him
Like empty purses pickt; and his poore selfe
A dedicated Beggar to the Ayre,
With his disease, of all shunn'd pouerty,
Walkes like contempt alone. More of our Fellowes.

Enter other Seruants.

Stew. All broken Implements of a ruin'd house.

3 Yet do our hearts weare *Timons* Liurey,
That see I by our Faces: we are Fellowes still,
Seruing alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our Barke,
And we poore Mates, stand on the dyeing Decke,
Hearing the Surges threat: we must all part
Into this Sea of Ayre.

Stew. Good Fellowes all,

The latest of my wealth Ile share among't you.
Where euer we shall meete, for *Timons* sake,
Let's yet be Fellowes. Let's shake our heads, and say
As 'twere a Knell vnto our Masters Fortunes,
We haue seene better dayes. Let each take some:
Nay put out all your hands: Not one word more,
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poore.

Embrace and part severall wayes.

Oh the fierce wretchednesse that Glory brings vs!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since Riches point to Misery and Contempt?
Who would be so mock'd with Glory, or to liue
But in a Dreame of Friendship,
To haue his pompe, and all what state compounds,
But onely painted like his varnisht Friends:
Poore honest Lord, brought lowe by his owne heart,

Vndone by Goodneffe: Strange vnvfuall blood,
 When mans worft finne is, He do's too much Good.
 Who then dares to be halfe fo kinde agen?
 For Bounty that makes Gods, do ftill marre Men.
 My deereft Lord, bleft to be moft accurft,
 Rich onely to be wretched; thy great Fortunes
 Are made thy cheefe Afflictions. Alas (kinde Lord)
 Hee's flung in Rage from this ingratefull Seate
 Of monftrous Friends:
 Nor ha's he with him to fupply his life,
 Or that which can command it:
 Ile follow and enquire him out.
 Ile euer ferue his minde, with my beft will,
 Whilft I haue Gold, Ile be his Steward ftill.

*Exit.**Enter Timon in the woods.*

Tim. O bleffed breeding Sun, draw from the earth
 Rotten humidity; below thy Sisters Orbe
 Infect the ayre. Twin'd Brothers of one womb,
 Whofe procreation, refidence, and birth,
 Scarfe is diuidant: touch them with feuerall fortunes,
 The greater fcornes the leffer. Not Nature
 (To whom all fores lay fieve) can beare great Fortune
 But by contempt of Nature.
 Raife me this Begger, and deny't that Lord,
 The Senators fhall beare contempt Hereditary,
 The Begger Natiue Honor.
 It is the Pafteur Lards, the Brothers fides,
 The want that makes him leaue: who dares? who dares
 In puritie of Manhood ftand vpright
 And fay, this mans a Flatterer. If one be,
 So are they all: for euerie grize of Fortune
 Is fmoth'd by that below. The Learned pate
 Duckes to the Golden Foole. All's oblique:
 There 'snothing leuell in our curfed Natures
 But direft villanie. Therefore be abhorr'd,

All Feasts, Societies, and Throngs of men.
 His femblable, yea himfelfe *Timon* difdaines,
 Deftruction phang mankinde; Earth yeeld me Rootes,
 Who feekes for better of thee, fawce his pallate
 With thy moft operant Poyfon. What is heere?
 Gold? Yellow, glittering, precious Gold?
 No Gods, I am no idle Votarift,
 Roots you cleere Heauens. Thus much of this will make
 Blacke, white; fowle, faire; wrong, right;
 Bafe, Noble; Old, young; Coward, valiant.
 Ha you Gods! why this? what this, you Gods? why this
 Will lugge your Priests and Seruants from your fides:
 Plucke ftout mens pillowes from below their heads.
 This yellow Slaue,
 Will knit and breake Religions, bleffe th'accurst,
 Make the hoare Leprofie ador'd, place Theeues,
 And giue them Title, knee, and approbation
 With Senators on the Bench: This is it
 That makes the wappen'd Widdow wed againe;
 Shee, whom the Spittle-houfe, and vlcerous fores,
 Would caft the gorge at. This embalmes and Spices
 To'th'Aprill day againe. Come damn'd Earth,
 Thou common whore of Mankinde, that puttes oddes
 Among the rout of Nations, I will make thee
 Do thy right Nature.
 Ha? A Drumme? Th'art quicke,
 But yet Ile bury thee: Thou't go (ftiong Theefe)
 When Gowty keepers of thee cannot ftand:
 Nay ftay thou out for earneft.

March afarre off.

*Enter Alcibiades with Drumme and Fife in warlike manner, and Phrynia
and Timandra.*

Alc. What art thou there? fpeake.

Tim. A Beaft as thou art. The Canker gnaw thy hart
For fhewing me againe the eyes of Man.

Alc. What is thy name? Is man fo hatefull to thee,
That art thy felfe a Man?

Scene the Senate House, all the Senate fitting ———

Alcibiades.

Nic. How dare you, *Alcibiades*,
Knowing your Sentence not recall'd, venture hither?

Alcib. You see my reverend Lords what confidence
I place in you, that durst expose my person
Before my sentence be recall'd: I am not now

Tim. I am *Misanthropos*, and hate Mankinde.
For thy part, I do wiſh thou wert a dogge,
That I might loue thee ſomething.

Alc. I know thee well:
But in thy Fortunes am vnlearn'd, and ſtrange.

Tim. I know thee too, and more then that I know thee
I do not deſire to know. Follow thy Drumme,
With mans blood paint the ground Gules, Gules:
Religious Cannons, ciuill Lawes are cruell,
Then what ſhould warre be? This fell whore of thine,
Hath in her more deſtruction then thy Sword,
For all her Cherubin looke.

Phrin. Thy lips rot off.

Tim. I will not kiſſe thee, then the rot returnes
To thine owne lippes againe.

Alc. How came the Noble *Timon* to this change?

Tim. As the Moone do's, by wanting light to giue:
But then renew I could not like the Moone,
There were no Sunnes to borrow of.

Alc. Noble *Timon*, what friendſhip may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to maintaine my opinion.

Alc. What is it *Timon*?

Tim. Promiſe me Friendſhip, but performe none.
If thou wilt not promiſe, the Gods plague thee, for thou art a man: if thou
do'ſt performe, confound thee, for thou art a man.

Alc. I haue heard in ſome fort of thy Miſeries.

Tim. Thou ſaw'ſt them when I had proſperitie.

Alc. I ſee them now, then was a bleſſed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of Harlots.

Timon. Is this th'Athenian Minion, whom the world
Voic'd ſo regardfully?

Tim. Art thou *Timandra*?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore ſtill, they loue thee not that vſe thee, giue them diſeaſes,
leauing with thee their Luſt. Make vſe of thy ſalt houres, ſeaſon the flaues
for Tubbes and Bathes, bring downe Roſe-cheekt youth to the Fubfaſt, and
the Diet.

Timan. Hang thee Monſter.

Petitioner for my self; I leave my cause
 To your good and generous natures, when you shall
 Think I've deserv'd your favour for my service.
 I am an humble Suitor to your virtue,
 For mercy is the virtue of the Law,
 And none but Tyrants use it cruelly:
 'Tis for a Gallant Officer of mine;
 As brave a man as e're drew Sword for *Athens*.
 'Tis *Thrasibulus*, who in heat of blood,
 Has stept into the Law above his depth.

Nic. True, he has kill'd a man.

Alcib. I've been before the *Areopagus*, and they refuse
 All mercy. He is a man (setting his Fate aside) of comely
 Vertues, nor did he foil the fact with Cowardise;
 But with a noble fury did revenge
 His injur'd reputation.

Phæax. You strive to make an ugly deed look fair.

Nic. As if you'd bring man-slaughter into form,
 And valour did consist in quarrelling.

Ælius. That is a base and illegitimate valour:
 He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer.

Isan. All single Combates are detestable,
 And courage that's not warranted by law,
 Is much too dangerous a vice to go unpunished.

Ifid. If injuries be evil, death is most ill,
 And then what folly is it for the less ill
 To hazard life the chiefest good?

Cleon. There's no such courage as in bearing wrong.

Alcib. If there be such valour in bearing, what
 Do we abroad? Women are then more valiant
 That stay at home. And the Afs a better Captain
 Than is the Lyon. The Malefactor that is
 Loaden with Irons, wiser than the Judge.

Nic. You cannot make gross sins look clean
 With eloquence.

Alcib. Why do fond men expose themselves to Battle,
 And not endure all threats, and sleep upon e'm,

Alc. Pardon him sweet *Timandra*, for his wits
 Are drown'd and loft in his Calamities.
 I haue but little Gold of late, braue *Timon*,
 The want whereof, doth dayly make reuolt
 In my penurious Band. I haue heard and greeu'd
 How curfed Athens, mindeleffe of thy worth,
 Forgetting thy great deeds, when Neighbour itates
 But for thy Sword and Fortune trod vpon them.

Tim. I prythee beate thy Drum, and get thee gone.

Alc. I am thy Friend, and pitty thee deere *Timon*.

Tim. How doest thou pitty him whom yu doft trouble,
 I had rather be alone.

Alc. Why fare thee well:
 Heere is fome Gold for thee.

Tim. Keepe it, I cannot eate it.

Alc. When I haue laid proud Athens on a heape.

Tim. Warr't thou 'gainst Athens.

Alc. I *Timon*, and haue caufe.

Tim. The Gods confound them all in thy Conquest,
 And thee after, when thou haft Conquer'd.

Alc. Why me, *Timon*?

Tim. That by killing of Villaines
 Thou was't borne to conquer my Country.
 Put vp thy Gold. Go on, heeres Gold, go on;
 Be as a Plannetary plague, when Ioue
 Will o're fome high-Vic'd City, hang his poyfon
 In the ficke ayre: let not thy fword skip one:
 Pitty not honuor'd Age for his white Beard,
 He is an Vfurer. Strike me the counterfet Matron,
 It is her habite onely, that is honeft,
 Her felfe's a Bawd. Let not the Virgins cheek
 Make foft thy trenchant Sword: for thofe Milke pappes
 That through the window Barne bore at mens eyes,
 Are not within the Leaf of pitty writ,
 But fet them down horrible Traitors. Spare not the Babe
 Whofe dimpled fmiles from Fooles exhaust their mercy;
 Thinke it a Baftard, whom the Oracle

And let the foes quietly cut their throats?

Come my Lords ——— be pitiful and good.

Nic. He that's more merciful than Law, is cruel.

Alcib. The utmost law is downright Tyranny:

To kill I grant is the extreamest guilt,

But in defense of Honour.

Phæ. Honour! is any Honour to be fought for

But the Honour of our Country?

Alcib. Who will not fight for's own, will never fight

For that: Let him that has no anger judge him;

How many in their anger would commit

This Captains fault ——— had they but courage for it?

Cleon. You speak in vain.

Alcib. If you will not excuse his Crime, consider
Who he is, and what he has done;

His service at *Lacedæmon* and *Byzantium*,

Are bribes sufficient for his Life.

Nic. He did his duty, and was rewarded with

His pay, and if he had not done it, he should

Be punisht.

Alcib. How my Lords! is that all the return

For Souldiers toils, fasting and watching;

The many cruel hardships which they suffer;

The multitude of hazards, blood, and loss

Of Limbs?

I/am. Come, you urge it too far, he dies.

Alcib. He has slain in fight hundreds of Enemies.

How full of valour did he bear himself

In the last conflict! what death and wounds he gave!

I/id. H' has given too many.

Ælius. He is a known Rioter, he has a sin

That often drowns him; in that beastly fury

He has committed outrages.

Phæ. Such as we shall not name, since others were
Concern'd in 'em, you know.

Nic. In short,

His days are foul, and nights are dangerous;

And he must die.

Hath doubtfully pronounced, the throat shall cut,
 And mince it fans remorse. Swear against Objects,
 Put Armour on thine eares, and on thine eyes,
 Whose prooffe, nor yels of Mothers, Maides, nor Babes,
 Nor fight of Priests in holy Vestments bleeding,
 Shall pierce a iot. There's Gold to pay thy Souldiers,
 Make large confusion: and thy fury spent,
 Confounded be thy selfe. Speake not, be gone.

Alc. Hast thou Gold yet, Ile take the Gold thou giuest me, not all thy
 Counsell.

Tim. Dost thou or dost thou not, Heauens curse vpon thee.

Both. Giue vs some Gold good *Timon*, hast yu more?

Tim. Enough to make a Whore forweare her Trade,
 And to make Whores, a Bawd. Hold vp you Sluts
 Your Aprons mountant; you are not Othable,
 Although I know you'l sweare, terribly sweare
 Into strong shudders, and to heavenly Agues
 Th'immortall Gods that heare you. Spare your Oathes:
 Ile trust to your Conditions, be whores still.
 And he whose pious breath seekes to conuert you,
 Be strong in Whore, allure him, burne him vp,
 Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
 And be no turn-coats: yet may your paines fix months
 Be quite contrary. And Thatch
 Your poore thin Roofes with burthens of the dead,
 (Some that were hang'd) no matter:
 Weare them, betray with them; Whore still,
 Paint till a horse may myre vpon your face:
 A pox of wrinkles

Both. Well, more Gold, what then?

Beleeue't that wee'l do any thing for Gold.

Tim. Consumptions fowe
 In hollow ones of man, strike their sharpe shinnes,
 And marre mens spurring. Cracke the Lawyers voyce,
 That he may neuer more false Title pleade,
 Nor found his Quillets shrilly: Hoare the Flamen,
 That scold't against the quality of flesh,

Alcib. Hard Fate! he might have dy'd nobly in fight,
And done you service: if not for his deserts;
Confider all my actions Lords, and join 'em
With his ——— your reverend Ages love security,
And therefore shou'd cherish those that give it you.

Phæ. You are too bold ——— he dies. No more ———

Alcib. Too bold, Lord! do you know who I am?

Cleon. What saies he?

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

Ifan. Confider well the place, and who we are?

Alcib. I cannot think but you have forgotten me.

Must I sue for such common grace,
And be deny'd? my wounds ake at you!

Nic. Y'are insolent! we have not forgotten yet
Your riot and destructive Vices; whoredoms,
Prophaneness, giddy headed passions.

Phæ. Your breaking Mercury's Statues, and mocking
The mysteries of sacred *Proserpine*.

Alcib. Insolent! now you provoke me. I am vext to see
Your private malice vented in a place
Where honest men would only think
On publick Interest. 'Tis base, and in another place
You would not speak thus.

Nic. How say you!

Alcib. I thought the Images of Mercury had only been
The Favourites of the Rabble, and the rites of
Proserpine: These things are mockery to men
Of fence. What folly 'tis to worship Statues when
You'd kick the Rogues that made 'em!

Phæ. How dare you talk thus? you have been a Rebel?

Alcib. Could any but the basest of mankind
Urge that to me by whom he keeps that head
That utters this against me? my Rebellion!
It was 'gainst the common people. And you all
Are Rebels against them.

Nic. Cease your Insolence! we sided not with *Spartans*.

And not beleuees himfelfe. Downe with the Noſe,
 Downe with it flat, take the Bridge quite away
 Of him, that his particular to foreſee
 Smels from the generall weale. Make curld'pate Rufflans bald
 And let the vnſcarr'd Braggerts of the Warre
 Deriue ſome paine from you. Plague all,
 That your Actiuity may defeate and quell
 The fourſe of all Ereſtion. There's more Gold.
 Do you damne others, and let this damne you,
 And ditches graue you all.

Both. More counſell with more Money, bounteous *Timon*.

Tim. More whore, more Miſcheefe firſt, I haue giuen your earneſt.

Alc. Strike vp the Drum towards Athens, farewell *Timon*: if I thriue
 well, Ile viſit thee againe.

Tim. If I hope well, Ile neuer ſee thee more.

Alc. I neuer did thee harme.

Tim. Yes, thou ſpok'ſt well of me.

Alc. Call'ſt thou that harme?

Tim. Men dayly finde it. Get thee away,
 And take thy Beagles with thee.

Alc. We but offend him, ſtrike.

Exeunt.

Tim. That Nature being ſicke of mans vnkindneſſe
 Should yet be hungry: Common Mother, thou
 Whoſe wombe vnmeaſureable, and infinite breſt
 Teemes and feeds all: whoſe ſelfſame Mettle
 Whereof thy proud Childe (arrogant man) is puſt,
 Engenders the blacke Toad, and Adder blew,
 The gilded Newt, and eyeleſſe venom'd Worme,
 With all th'abhorred Births below Criſpe Heauen,
 Whereon *Hyperions* quickening fire doth ſhine:
 Yeeld him, who all the humane Sonnes do hate,
 From foorth thy plenteous boſome, one poore roote:
 Enſeare thy Fertile and Conceptionous wombe,
 Let it no more bring out ingratefull man.
 Goe great with Tygers, Dragons, Wolues, and Beares,
 Teeme with new Monſters, whom thy vpward face
 Hath to the Marbled Manſion all aboute

Alcib. What means had I to humble th' Athenian
Rabble but that?

Phæ. It was well done to get your friend King *Agis*
His Wife with Child in his absence.

Alcib. He was a Blockhead, and I mended his breed for him.
But what is that to'th' matter now in hand?
You have provok'd me Lords, and I must tell you,
It is by me you fit in safety here.

Phæ. By you, bold man?

Alcib. Yes by me! fearful man!
You have incens'd me now beyond all patience,
And I must tell you what ye owe me, Lords.
'Twas I that kept great *Tissaphernes* from
The Spartans aid, by which *Athens* by this
Had been one heap of Rubbish, I itopt
A hundred and fifty Gallies from *Phœnicia*,
Which would have fallen upon you: 'Twas I made
This *Tissaphernes*, *Athens* Friend, upon condition
That they would awe the common people, and take
The Government into the best mens hands;
Would you were so; I sent *Pisander* then
To form this Aristocracy, and promis'd
The Persian Generals Forces to assist you;
And when you had this pow'r, you cast me off
That got it you.

Nic. My Lords! let him be silenc'd;
Shall he thus beard the Senate?

Alcib. I will be heard, and then your pleasure Lords.
Did not your Army in the Isle of *Samos*,
Offended at your Government, chuse me General?
And would have march't to your destruction,
Which I diverted? in that time your Foes
Would soon have won the Country of *Ionia*,
Of th' *Hellefpont* and all the other Isles,
While you had been employ'd at home
With Civil Wars. I kept some back by force,
And by fair words others in which *Thrasibulus*,

Neuer presented. O, a Root, deare thanks:
Dry vp thy Morrowes, Vines, and Plough-torne Leas,
Whereof ingratefull man with Licourish draughts
And Morfels Vnctions, greases his pure minde,
That from all Consideration flippes ———

This man of *Stiria*, whom you thus condemn,
 Having the loudest voice of all the Athenians
 Employ'd by me, cry'd out to all the Army;
 And thus we kept 'em from you, Lords, and now
Athens a second time was fav'd by me.

Phæ. 'Tis a shame that we shou'd suffer this!

Alcib. 'Tis a shame these things are unrewarded.
 Another time I kept five hundred Sail
 Of the Phenicians from the aid
 Of the Lacedemonians, won from 'em a Sea Battle,
 Before the City of *Abidus*;
 In spite of *Pharnabazus* mighty Power.
 Think on my Victory all *Cizicum*, where I
 Slew *Mendorus* in the Field, and took the City;
 I brought then the Bythinians to your yoke,
 Won *Silibraæ* on the *Hellefpont*;
 And then *Byzantium*: thus not only I
 Diverted the Torrent of the Armies fury
 From you, but turn'd it on the Enemies,
 And all the while you falsely told your money,
 And let it out upon extorted Interest;
 Muft I be after all poorly deny'd
 His life who has so often ventur'd it for you?

Phæ. He dies, and you deserve it, but our sentence
 Is for your insolence, we banish you;
 If you be two hours more within these walls,
 Your head is forfeited. Do you all consent?

All Sen. All, All!

Alcib. All, all! I am glad to know you all!
 Banish me! Banish your dotage! your extortion!
 Banish your foul corruptions and self ends!
 Oh the base Spirit of a Common-wealth!
 One Tyrant is much better than four hundred;
 The worst of Kings would be ashamed of this:
 I am only rich in my large hurts from you.
 Is this the Balm the ill natur'd Senate
 Pours into Captains wounds? ha! banishment?

A good man would not stay with you, I embrace
My Sentence: 'Tis a cause that's worthy of me.

[*Ex. Alcib.*

Nic. Was ever ——— heard such daring insolence?
Shall we break up the Senate?

All Sen. Ay, Ay.

Timon in the Woods digging.

Tim. O blest breeding Sun, draw from the Fens,
The Bogs and muddy Marishes, and from
Corrupted standing Lakes, rotten humidity
Enough to infect the Air with dire consuming Pestilence,
And let the poisonous exhalations fall
Down on th' *Athenians*; they're all flatterers,
And so is all mankind.
For every degree of fortune's smooth'd
And foot'd by that below it; the learn'd pate
Ducks to the golden Fool; There's nothing level
In our conditions, but base Villany;
Therefore be abhor'd each man and all Society;
Earth yields me roots; thou common whore of mankind,
That put'st such odds amongst the rout of Nations;
I'll make thee do thy right office. Ha, what's here?
Gold, yellow, glittering precious gold! enough
To purchase my estate again: Let me see further;
What a vast mass of Treasure's here! There ly,
I will use none, 'twill bring me flatterers.
I'll send a pattern on't to the Athenians,
And let 'em know what a vast Mass I've found,
Which I'll keep from 'em. I think I see a Passenger
Not far off, I'll send it by him to the Senate.

[*Ex. Timon.*

Enter Evandra.

Evan. How long shall I seek my unhappy Lord?
But I will find him or will lose my life.
Oh base and shameful Villany of man,

Amongst so many thousands he has oblig'd,
Not one would follow him in his afflictions!
Ha! here is a Spade! sure this belongs to some one
Who's not far off, I will enquire of him.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Who's there? what beast art thou that com'st
To trouble me?

Evan. Pray do not hurt me. I am come to seek
The poor distressed *Timon*, did you see him?

Tim. If thou be'st born of wicked humane race,
Why com'st thou hither to disturb his mind?
He has forsworn all Company!

Evan. Is this my Lord! oh dreadful transformation!
My dearest Lord, do you not know me?

Tim. Thou walk'st upon two legs, and hast a face
Erect towards Heav'n; and all such Animals
I have abjur'd; they are not honest,
Those Creatures that are so, walk on all four,
Prithce be gone.

Evan. He's much distracted sure? Have you forgotten
Your poor *Evandra*?

Tim. No! I remember there was such a one,
Whom I us'd ill! why dost thou follow misery?
And add to it? prithce be gone.

Evan. These cruel words will break my heart, I come
Not to increase thy misery but mend it.
Ah, my dear *Timon*, why this Slave-like habit?
And why this Spade?

Tim. 'Tis to dig roots, and earn my dinner with.

Evan. I have converted part of my estate
To money and to Jewels, and have brought 'em
To lay 'em at thy feet, and the remainder
Thou soon shalt have.

Tim. I will not touch 'em; no, I shall be flatter'd.

Evan. Comfort thy self and quit this savage life;

We have enough in spite of all the baseness
Of th' *Athenians*, let not those Slaves
Triumph o're thy afflictions; wee'l live free.

Tim. If thou disswad'st me from this life, Thou hat'st me;
For all the Principalities on earth,
I would not change this Spade! prithee be gone,
Thou tempt'st me but in vain.

Evan. Be not so cruel.
Nothing but death shall ever take me from thee.

Tim. I'll never change my life: what would'st thou
Do with me?

Evan. I'd live the same: Is there a time or place,
A temper or condition I would leave
My *Timon* in?

Tim. You must not stay with me?

Evan. Oh too unkind!
I offer'd thee all my prosperity ——
And thou most niggardly deniest me part
Of thy Afflictions.

Tim. Ah soft *Evandra*! is not the bleak Air
Too boist'rous a Chamberlain for thee?
Or dost thou think these reverend trees that have
Outliv'd the Raven, will be Pages to thee?
And skip where thou appoint'st 'em? Will the Brook
Candid with Morning Ice, be Caudle to thee?

Evan. Thou wilt be all to me.

Tim. I am savage as a Satyr, and my temper
Is much unsound, my brain will be distracted.

Evan. Thou wilt be *Timon* still, that's all I ask.

Tim. It was a comfort to me when I thought
That thou wer't prosperous; Thou art too good
To suffer with me the rough boist'rous weather,
To mortifie thy self with roots and water,
'Twill kill thee. Prithee be gone.

Evan. To Death if you command.

Tim. I have forsworn all humane conversation.

Evan. And so have I but thine.

Tim. 'Twill then be misery indeed to see
Thee bear it.

Evan. On my knees I beg it.
If thou refuseth me, I'll kill my self.
I swear by all the Gods.

Tim. Rife my *Evandra*!
I now pronounce to all the world, there is
One woman honest; if they ask me more
I will not grant it: Come, my dear *Evandra*,
I'll fiew thee wealth enough I found with digging,
To purchase all my land again, which I
Will hide from all mankind.

Evan. Put all my Gold and Jewels to't.

Tim. Well said *Evandra*! look, here is enough
To make black white, foul fair, wrong right;
Base noble, old young, Cowards valiant.
Ye Gods here is enough to lug your Priests
And Servants from your Altars. This thing can
Make the Hoard'd Leprosie ador'd, place Thieves
And give 'em title, knee and approbation;
This makes the toothless, warp'd and wither'd Widows
Marry again. This can embalm and sweeten
Such as the Spittle-House and ulcerous Creatures
Would cast the gorge at: this can defile
The purest Bed, and make divorce 'twixt Son
And Father, Friends and Kindred, all Society;
Can bring up new Religions, and kill Kings.

Evan. Let the Earth that breeds it, hide it, there 'twill
Sleep, and do no hired mischief.

Tim. Now Earth for a root.

Evan. 'Tis her unfathom'd Womb teems and feeds all,
And of such vile corrupting mettle, as
Man, her proud arrogant ——— Child is made of, does
Engender black Toads, and Adders blue, the gilded Newt
And eye-less venom'd worm, with all
The loathsome Births the quickening Sun does shine on.

Tim. Yield him, who all thy humane Sons does hate,

Enter Apemantus.

More man? Plague, plague.

Ape. I was directed hither. Men report,
Thou dost affect my Manners, and dost vse them.

Tim. 'Tis then, because thou dost not keepe a dogge
Whom I would imitate. Confumption catch thee.

Ape. This is in thee a Nature but infected,
A poore vnmanly Melancholly sprung
From change of future. Why this Spade? this place?
This Slaue-like Habit, and these lookes of Care?
Thy Flatterers yet weare Silke, drinke Wine, lye soft,
Hugge their diseas'd Perfumes, and haue forgot
That euer *Timon* was. Shame not these Woods,
By putting on the cunning of a Carper.
Be thou a Flatterer now, and seeke to thriue
By that which ha's vndone thee; hindge thy knee,
And let his very breath whom thou'lt obserue
Blow off thy Cap: praise his most vicious straine,
And call it excellent: thou wast told thus:
Thou gau'ft thine eares (like Tapsters, that bad welcom)
To Knaues, and all approaches: 'Tis most iust
That thou turne Rascall, had'ft thou wealth againe,
Rascals should haue't. Do not assume my likeneffe.
Tim. Were I like thee, I'de throw away my selfe.

From out thy plenteous bosom some poor roots;
 Sear up thy fertile Womb to all things else;
 Dry up thy marrow, thy Veins, thy Tilt and pasture,
 Whereof ungrateful man with liquorish draughts
 And unctuous morsels greases his pure mind,
 That from it all consideration slips.
 But hold a while ——— I am faint and weary.
 My tender hands not use'd to toil, are gaul'd.

Evan. Repose your self my dearest love thus ——— your head
 Upon my lap, and when thou hast refresh'd
 Thy self, I'll gather Fruits and Berries for thee.

Enter Apemantus.

Tim. More Plague! more man! retire into my Cave.

[*Ex. Evan.*

Apem. I was directed hither, men report
 That thou affect'it my manners, and dost use 'em.

Tim. 'Tis then because I would not keep a Dog
 Should imitate thee.

Apem. This is in thee a nature but infected,
 A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
 From change of fortune. Why this Spade? this place?
 This slave-like Habit, and these looks of care?
 Thy fordid flatt'ers yet wear filk, lye soft,
 Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgotten
 That ever *Timon* was. Shame not these woods,
 By putting on the cunning of a Carper.
 Be thou a flatt'rer now and seek to thrive
 By that which has undone thee. Hinge thy knee,
 And let each Great mans breath blow off thy Cap.
 Praise his most monstrous deformities,
 And call his foulest Vices excellent.
 Thou wert us'd thus.

Tim. Dost thou love to hear thy self prate?

Apem. No; but thou should'it hear me speak.

Tim. I hate thy speech and spit at thee.

Apem. Do not assume my likeness to disgrace it.

Ape. Thou hast cast away thy selfe, being like thy self
 A Madman so long, now a Foole: what think'st
 That the bleake ayre, thy boysterous Chamberlaine
 Will put thy shirt on warme? Will these moyst Trees,
 That haue out-liu'd the Eagle, page thy heeles
 And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold brooke
 Candied with Ice, Cawdle thy Morning taste
 To cure thy o're-nights furfet? Call the Creatures,
 Whose naked Natures liue in all the spight
 Of wrekefull Heauen, whose bare vnhoufed Trunkes
 To the conflicting Elements expos'd
 Answer meere Nature; bid them flatter thee.
 O thou shalt finde.

Tim. A Foole of thee: depart,

Ape. I loue thee better now, then ere I did.

Tim. I hate thee worfe.

Ape. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Ape. I flatter not, but say thou art a Caytiffe.

Tim. Why do'st thou seeke me out?

Ape. To vex thee.

Tim. Alwayes a Villaines Office, or a Fooles.
 Dost please thy selfe in't?

Ape. I.

Tim. What, a Knaue too?

Ape. If thou did'st put this fowre could habit on
 To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
 Dost it enforcedly: Thou'dst Courtier be againe
 Wert thou not Beggar: willing misery
 Out-liues: incertaine pompe, is crown'd before:
 The one is filling still, neuer compleat:
 The other, at high wish: best state Contentlesse,
 Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
 Worfe then the worst, Content.
 Thou should'st desire to dye, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserable.
 Thou art a Slaue, whom Fortunes tender arme

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd use the Copy
As the Original thou'd be us'd.

Apem. How should it be us'd?

Tim. It should be hang'd.

Apem. Before thou wert a Mad-man, now a Fool;
Art thou proud still? call any of those Creatures
Whose naked natures live in all the spight
Of angry Heav'n, whose bare un-housed trunks
To the conflicting Elements expos'd,
Answer meer Nature, bid 'em flatter thee,
And thou shalt find ———

Tim. An Afs of thee ———

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did ———

Tim. I hate thee worse ———

Apem. Why so?

Tim. Thou flatterest misery.

Apem. I flatter not, but say thou art a Wretch ———

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. Perhaps to vex thee.

Tim. Always a Villains office or a Fools.

Apem. If thou dost put on this four life and habit
To castigate thy Pride, 'twere well, but thou
Dost it inforc'dly, wert thou not a Beggar,
Thou'd'st be a Courtier again.

Tim. Slave thou ly'st, 'tis next thee the last thing
Which I would be on earth.

Apem. How much does willing poverty excel
Uncertain pomp! for this is filling still,
Never compleat, that always at high wish;
But thou hast a contentless wretched being,
Thou shou'd'st desire to die being miserable.

Tim. Not by his advice that is more miserable.

Apem. I am contented with my poverty.

Tim. Thou ly'st. Thou would'st not snarl so if thou wert.
But 'tis a burthen that is light to thee,
For thou hast been always us'd to carry it.
Thou art a thing whom Fortunes tender arms

With fauor neuer clapt: but bred a Dogge.
 Had't thou like vs from our firft fwath proceeded,
 The fweet degrees that this breefe world affords,
 To fuch as may the paffiue drugges of it
 Freely command't: thou would't haue plung'd thy felf
 In generall Riot, melted downe thy youth
 In different beds of Luft, and neuer learn'd
 The I cie precepts of refpect, but followed
 The Sugred game before thee. But my felfe,
 Who had the world as my Confectionarie,
 The mouthes, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men,
 At duty more then I could frame employment;
 That numberleffe vpon me ftucke, as leaues
 Do on the Oake, haue with one Winters brufh
 Fell from their boughes, and left me open, bare,
 For euery ftorme that blowes. I to beare this,
 That neuer knew but better, is fome burthen:
 Thy Nature, did commence in fufferance, Time
 Hath made thee hard in't. Why fhould't yu hate Men?
 They neuer flatter'd thee. What haft thou giuen?
 If thou wilt curfe; thy Father (that poore ragge)
 Muft be thy fubiect; who in fpight put ftuffe
 To fome fhee-Begger, and compounded thee
 Poore Rogue, hereditary. Hence, be gone,
 If thou hadft not bene borne the worft of men,
 Thou hadft bene a Knaue and Flatterer.

Ape. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. I, that I am not thee.

Ape. I, that I was no Prodigall.

Tim. I, that I am one now.

Were all the wealth I haue fhut vp in thee,
 I'd giue thee leaue to hang it. Get thee gone:
 That the whole life of Athens were in this,
 Thus would I eate it.

Ape. Heere, I will mend thy Feaft.

Tim. Firft mend thy company, take away thy felfe.

Ape. So I fhall mend mine owne, by'th'lacke of thine

With favour never clapt, but bred a Dog;
Hadst thou like me from thy first fwath proceeded
To all the sweet, degrees, that this brief world
Afforded be; thou wou'd'st have plung'd thy self
In general riot, melted down thy youth
In different Beds of lust, and never learn't
The Icy precepts of Morality,
But had'st purfu'd the alluring game before thee.

Apem. Thou ly'st —— I would have liv'd just as I do.

Tim. Poor Slave! thou dost not know thy self! thou well
Can'st bear what thou hast been bred to;
But for me, who had the world as my Confectionary,
The Tongues, the Eyes, the Ears, the hearts of all men,
At duty more than I cou'd frame Employments for,
That numberless upon me stuck as leaves
Upon the Oak, they've with one Winters brush
Faln from their boughs and left me open, bare
To every storm that blows: for me to bear this
Who never knew but better, is a great burthen;
Thy nature did commence in suff'rance, Time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate men?
They never flatter'd thee: If thou wilt Curse,
Curse then thy Father who in spite put stuff
To some She-Beggar, and compounded thee,
A poor Hereditary Rogue.

Apem. Poor Afs!

The middle of humanity thou ne're
Did't know, but the extremity of both ends;
When thou wert in thy guilt and thy perfumes,
Men mockt thee for thy too much curiosity;
Thou in thy rags know'st none.

Tim. Be gone thou tedious prating Fool.
That the whole life of *Athens* were in this
One root, thus would I eat it.

Apem. I'll mend thy Feast.

Tim. Mend my condition, take thy self away.

Apem. What would'st thou have to *Athens*?

Tim. 'Tis not well mended fo, it is but botch;
If not, I would it were.

Ape. What would'ft thou haue to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind: if thou wilt,
Tell them there I haue Gold, looke, fo I haue.

Ape. Heere is no vfe for Gold.

Tim. The beft, and trueft:

For heere it fteepes, and do's no hyred harme.

Ape. Where lyeft a nights *Timon*?

Tim. Vnder that's aboue me.

Where feed'ft thou a-dayes *Apemantus*?

Ape. Where my ftomacke findes meate, or rather where I eate it.

Tim. Would poyfon were obedient, & knew my mind

Ape. Where would'ft thou fend it?

Tim. To fawce thy difhes.

Ape. The middle of Humanity thou neuer kneweft, but the extremitie of both ends. When thou waft in thy Gilt, and thy Perfume, they mockt thee for too much Curiofitie: in thy Ragges thou know'ft none, but art despis'd for the contrary. There's a medler for thee, eate it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feel not.

Ape. Do'ft hate a Medler?

Tim. I, though it looke like thee.

Ape. And th'hadft hated Medlers fooner, yu fhould'ft haue loued thy felfe better now. What man did'ft thou euer know vnthrift, that was beloued after his meanes?

Tim. Who without those meanes thou talk'ft of, didft thou euer know belou'd?

Ape. My felfe.

Tim. I vnderftand thee: thou had'ft fome meanes to keepe a Dogge.

Apem. What things in the world canft thou neereft compare to thy Flatterers?

Tim. Women neereft, but men: men are the things themfelues. What would'ft thou do with the world *Apemantus*, if it lay in thy power?

Ape. Giue it the Beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Would'ft thou haue thy felfe fall in the confufion of men, and remaine a Beaft with the Beasts.

Ape. I *Timon*.

Tim. Thee thither in a Whirlwind.

Apem. When I have nothing else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. If there were nothing living but thy self,
Thou should'st not even then be welcome to me;
I had rather be a Beggars Dog than *Apemantus*.

Apem. Thou art a miserable Fool.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

Apem. Thou art too bad to Curse: no misery
That I could wish thee but thou hast already.

Tim. Be gone thou Issue of a Mangy Dog.

I frown to see thee.

Apem. Would thou would'st burst.

Tim. Away, thou tedious Rogue, or I will cleave thy scull.

Apem. Farewel Beast.

Tim. Be gone Toad.

Apem. The *Athenians* report thou hast found a Mass
Of Treasure; they'll find thee out: The plague
Of Company light on thee.

Tim. Slave! Dog! Viper! out of my sight.

[*Ex. Apem.*]

Choler will kill me if I see mankind!

Come forth *Evandra*? Thou art kind and good.

Enter Evandra.

Canst thou eat roots and drink at that fresh spring?

Our feasting's come to this.

Evan. Whate're I eat

Or drink with thee is feast enough to me;

Would'st thou compose thy thoughts and be content,

I should be happy.

Tim. Let's quench our thirst at yonder murmuring Brook.
And then repose a while.

[*Exeunt.*]

Tim. A beaftly Ambition, which the Goddes graunt thee t'attaine to. If thou wert the Lyon, the Fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the Lambe, the Foxe would eate thee: if thou wert the Fox, the Lion would fufpect thee, when peraduenture thou wert accus'd by the Affe: If thou wert the Affe, thy dulneffe would torment thee; and ftill thou liu'dft but as a Breakefaft to the Wolfe. If thou wert the Wolfe, thy greedineffe would afflict thee, & oft thou fhould'ft hazard thy life for thy dinner. Wert thou the Vnicorne, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine owne felfe the conqueft of thy fury. Wert thou a Beare, thou would'ft be kill'd by the Horfe: wert thou a Horfe, thou would'ft be feaz'd by the Leopard: wert thou a Leopard, thou wert Germane to the Lion, and the fpottes of thy Kindred, were Iurors on thy life. All thy fafety were remotion, and thy defence abfence. What a Beaft could'ft thou bee, that were not fubieft to a Beaft: and what a Beaft art thou already, that feelt not thy loffe in transformation.

Ape. If thou could'ft pleafe me
With fpeaking to me, thou might'ft
Haue hit vpon it heere.
The Commonwealth of Athens, is become
A Forrest of Beafts.

Tim. How ha's the Affe broke the wall, that thou art out of the Citie.

Ape. Yonder comes a Poet and a Painter:
The plague of Company light vpon thee:
I will feare to catch it, and giue way.
When I know not what elfe to do,
Ile fee thee againe.

Tim. When there is nothing liuing but thee,
Thou fhalt be welcome.
I had rather be a Beggars Dogge,
Then *Apemantus*.

Ape. Thou art the Cap
Of all the Fooles aliue.

Tim. Would thou wert cleane enough
To fpit vpon.

Ape. A plague on thee,
Thou art too bad to curfe.

Tim. All Villaines

That do stand by thee, are pure.

Ape. There is no Leprosie,
But what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee, Ile beate thee;
But I should infect my hands.

Ape. I would my tongue
Could rot them off.

Tim. Away thou issue of a mangie dogge,
Choller does kill me,
That thou art aliue, I swooned to see thee.

Ape. Would thou would'st burst.

Tim. Away thou tedious Rogue, I am sorry I shall lose a stone by thee.

Ape. Beast.

Tim. Slaue.

Ape. Toad.

Tim. Rogue, Rogue, Rogue.

I am sick of this false world, and will love nought
But even the meere necessities upon't:

Then *Timon* presently prepare thy grave:

Lye where the light Fome of the Sea may beate

Thy grave stone dayly, make thine Epitaph,

That death in me, at others liues may laugh.

O thou sweete King-killer, and deare divorce

Twixt naturall Sunne and fire: thou bright defiler

of *Himans* purest bed, thou valiant Mars,

Thou euer, yong, fresh, loved, and delicate wooer,

Whose blush doth thawe the consecrated Snow

That lyes on Dians lap,

Thou visible God,

That fouldrest close Impossibilities,

And mak'st them kisse; that speak'st with euerie **Tongue**

To euerie purpose: O thou touch of hearts,

Thinke thy slaue-man rebels, and by thy vertue

Set them into confounding oddes, that Beasts

May haue the world in Empire.

Ape. Would 'twere so,

But not till I am dead. Ile say th'haft Gold :
Thou wilt be throng'd too fhortly.

Tim. Throng'd too?

Ape. I.

Tim. Thy backe I prythee.

Ape. Liue, and loue thy misery.

Tim. Long liue fo, and fo dye. I am quit.

Ape. Mo things like men,

Eate *Timon*, and abhorre then.

Exit Apeman.

Enter the Bandetti.

1 Where fhould he haue this Gold? It is fome poore Fragment, fome flender Ort of his remainder: the meere want of Gold, and the falling from of his Friendes, droue him into this Melancholly.

2 It is nois'd

He hath a mafse of Treafure.

3 Let vs make the affay vpon him, if he care not for't, he will fupply vs eafily: if he couteoufly referue it, how fhall's get it?

2 True: for he beares it not about him:

'Tis hid.

1 Is not this hee?

All. Where?

2 'Tis his defcription.

3 He? I know him.

All. Saue thee *Timon*.

Tim. Now Theeues.

All. Soldiers, not Theeues.

Tim. Both too, and womens Sonnes.

All. We are not Theeues, but men

That much do want.

Tim. Your greateft want is, you want much of meat: Why fhould you want? Behold, the Earth hath Rootes: Within this Mile breake forth a hundred Springs: The Oakes beare Maft, the Briars Scarlet Heps, The bounteous Hufwife Nature, on each bufh, Layes her full Meffe before you. Want? why Want?

1 We cannot liue on Graffe, on Berries, Water,
As Beaſts, and Birds, and Fiſhes.

Ti. Nor on the Beaſts themſelues, the Birds & Fiſhes,
You muſt eate men. Yet thanks I muſt you con,
That you are Theeues profeſt: that you worke not
In holier ſhapes: For there is boundleſſe Theft
In limited Profeſſions. Raiſcall Theeues
Heere's Gold. Go, ſucke the ſubtle blood o'th Grape,
Till the high Feauor ſeeth your blood to froth,
And ſo ſcape hanging. Truſt not the Phyſitian,
His Antidotes are poyſon, and he flayes
Moe then you Rob: Take wealth, and liues together,
Do Villaine do, ſince you proteſt to doo't.
Like Workmen, Ile example you with Theeuery:
The Sunnes a Theefe, and with his great attraction
Robbes the vaſte Sea. The Moones an arrant Theefe,
And her pale fire, ſhe ſnatches from the Sunne.
The Seas a Theefe, whoſe liquid Surge, reſolues
The Moone into Salt teares. The Earth's a Theefe,
That feeds and breeds by a compoſture ſtolne
From gen'rall excrement: each thing's a Theefe.
The Lawes, your curbe and whip, in their rough power
Ha's vncheck'd Theft. Loue not your ſelues, away,
Rob one another, there's more Gold, cut throates,
All that you meete are Theeues: to Athens go,
Breake open ſhoppes, nothing can you ſteale
But Theeues do looſe it: ſteale leſſe, for this I giue you,
And Gold confound you howſoere: Amen.

3 Has almoſt charm'd me from my Profeſſion, by perſwading me to it.

1 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus aduiſes vs not to haue vs
thriue in our myſtery.

2 Ile beleue him as an Enemy,
And giue ouer my Trade.

1 Let vs firſt ſee peace in Athens, there is no time ſo miſerable, but a man
may be true.

Exit Theeues.

Enter the Steward to Timon.

Stew. Oh you Gods!

Is yon'd despis'd and ruinous man my Lord?
Full of decay and fayling? Oh Monument
And wonder of good deeds, euilly bestow'd!
What an alteration of Honor has desp'rate want made?
What vilder thing vpon the earth, then Friends,
Who can bring Nobleft mindes, to basest ends.
How rarely does it meete with this times guise,
When man was wisht to loue his Enemies:
Grant I may euer loue, and rather woo
Those that would mischeefe me, then those that doo.
Has caught me in his eye, I will present my honest grieffe vnto him; and
as my Lord, still serue him with my life.
My deereft Master.

Tim. Away: what art thou?

Stew. Haue you forgot me, Sir?

Tim. Why dost aske that? I haue forgot all men.
Then, if thou grunt'ft, th'art a man.
I haue forgot thee.

Stew. An honest poore seruant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not:

I neuer had honest man about me, I all
I kept were Knaues, to serue in meate to Villaines.

Stew. The Gods are witnesse,
Neu'r did poore Steward weare a truer greeffe
For his vndone Lord, then mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weepe?
Come neerer, then I loue thee
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'ft
Flinty mankinde: whose eyes do neuer giue,
But thorow Lust and Laughter: pittie's sleeping:
Strange times yt weepe with laughing, not with weeping.

Stew. I begge of you to know me, good my Lord,
T'accept my greeffe, and whil'ft this poore wealth lasts,
To entertaine me as your Steward still,

Tim. Had I a Steward
 So true, so iust, and now so comfortable?
 It almost turnes my dangerous Nature wilde.
 Let me behold thy face: Surely, this man
 Was borne of woman.
 Forgiue my generall, and exceptleffe rashnesse
 You perpetuall sober Gods. I do proclaime
 One honest man: Mistake me not, but one:
 No more I pray, and hee's a Steward.
 How faine would I haue hated all mankinde,
 And thou redeem'ft thy selfe. But all saue thee,
 I fell with Curfes.
 Me thinkes thou art more honest now, then wife:
 For, by oppressing and betraying mee,
 Thou might'ft haue sooner got another Seruice:
 For many so arriue at second Masters,
 Vpon their first Lords necke. But tell me true,
 (For I must euer doubt, though ne're so sure)
 Is not thy kindnesse subtle, couetous,
 If not a Vsuring kindnesse, and as rich men deale Gifts,
 Expecting in returne twenty for one?

Stew. No my most worthy Master, in whose brest
 Doubt, and suspect (alas) are plac'd too late:
 You should haue fear'd false times, when you did Feast.
 Suspect still comes, where an estate is least.
 That which I shew, Heauen knowes, is meerely Loue,
 Dutie, and Zeale, to your vnmarched minde;
 Care of your Food and Liuing, and beleue it,
 My most Honour'd Lord,
 For any benefit that points to mee,
 Either in hope, or present, I'de exchange
 For this one wish, that you had power and wealth
 To requite me, by making rich your selfe.

Tim. Looke thee, 'tis so: thou singly honest man,
 Heere take: the Gods out of my miserie
 Ha's sent thee Treasure. Go, liue rich and happy,
 But thus condition'd: Thou shalt build from men:

Hate all, curfe all, fhew Charity to none,
 But let the famifht flefh flide from the Bone,
 Ere thou releeev the Begger. Giue to dogges
 What thou denyeft to men. Let Prifons fwallow 'em,
 Debts wither 'em to nothing, be men like blafted woods
 And may Difeafes licke vp their falfe bloods,
 And fo farewell, and thriue.

Stew. O let me ftay, and comfort you, my Mafter.

Tim. If thou hat'ft Curfes

Stay not: flye, whil't thou art bleft and free:

Ne're fee thou man, and let me ne're fee thee.

Exit

Enter Poet and Painter.

Pain. As I tooke note of the place, it cannot be farre where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him?

Does the Rumor hold for true,

That hee's fo full of Gold?

Painter. Certaine.

Alcibiades reports it: *Phrinica* and *Timandylo*

Had Gold of him. He likewise enrich'd

Poore ftragglng Souldiers, with great quantity.

'Tis faide, he gaue vnto his Steward

A mighty fumme.

Poet. Then this breaking of his,

Ha's beene but a Try for his Friends?

Painter. Nothing elfe:

You fhall fee him a Palme in Athens againe,

And flourifh with the higheft:

Therefore, 'tis not amiffe, we tender our loues

To him, in this fuppos'd diftreffe of his:

It will fhew honeftly in vs,

And is very likely, to loade our purpofes

With what they trauaile for,

If it be a iuft and true report, that goes

Of his hauing.

Poet. What haue you now

To prefent vnto him?

Enter Poet, Painter and Musician.

Poet. As I took note o' the place it cannot be far off,
Where he abides.

Mus. Does the rumour hold for certain, that he's so full of Gold?

Poet. 'Tis true! H' found an infinite store of Gold,
He has sent a Pattern of it to the Senate;
You will see him a Palm again in *Athens*,
And flourish with the highest of 'em all.
Therefore 'tis fit in this suppos'd distrefs,
We tender all our services to him ———

Paint. If the report be true we shall succeed.

Mus. If we shou'd not ———

Re-enter Timon and Evandra.

Poet. Wee'll venture our joint labours. Yon is he,
I know by the description.

Mus. Let's hide our selves and see how he will take it. [*A Symphony.*]

Evan. Here's Musick in the Woods, whence comes it?

Tim. From flattering Rogues who have heard that I
Have Gold; but that their disappointment would be greater,
In taking pains for nought, I'd send 'em back ———

Poet. Hail worthy *Timon* ———

Mus. Our most noble Master ———

Paint. My most excellent Lord.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see three honest men?

Painter. Nothing at this time
But my Visitation: onely I will promise him
An excellent Peece.

Poet. I must serue him so too;
Tell him of an intent that's comming toward him.

Painter. Good as the best.
Promising, is the verie Ayre o'th' Time;
It opens the eyes of Expectation.
Performance, is euer the duller for his acte,
And but in the plainer and simpler kinde of people,
The deede of Saying is quite out of vse.
To Promise, is most Courtly and fashionable;
Performance, is a kinde of Will or Testament
Which argues a great sicknesse in his iudgement
That makes it.

Enter Timon from his Cave.

Timon. Excellent Workeman,
Thou canst not paint a man so badde
As is thy selfe.

Poet. I am thinking
What I shall say I haue prouided for him:
It must be a personating of himselfe:
A Satyre against the softnesse of Prosperity,
With a Discouerie of the infinite Flatteries
That follow youth and opulencie.

Timon. Must thou needes
Stand for a Villaine in thine owne Worke?
Wilt thou whip thine owne faults in other men?
Do so, I haue Gold for thee.

Poet. Nay let's seeke him.
Then do we sinne against our owne estate,
When we may profit meete, and come too late.

Painter. True:
When the day serues before black-corner'd night;
Finde what thou want'ft, by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Poet. Having so often tasted of your bounty,
And hearing you were retir'd, your friends faln off,
For whose ungrateful natures we are griev'd,
We come to do you service.

Mus. We are not of so base a mold; we should
Desert our noble Patron!

Tim. Most honest men! oh, how shall I requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water?

Poet. What're we can, we will to do you service.

Tim. Good men! come you are honest, you have heard
That I have gold enough! I speak truth, y'are honest.

Poet. So it is said: but therefore came not we.

Mus. Not we my Lord.

Paint. We thought not of it.

Tim. You are good men, but have one monstrous fault.

Poet. I beseech your honor, what is it?

Tim. Each of you trusts a damn'd notorious Knave.

Paint. Who is that, my Lord?

Tim. Why one another, and each trusts himself.
Ye base Knaves, Tripartite! begone! make haste!
Or I will use you so like Knaves.

[*He stones 'em.*

Poet. Fly, fly, ——

[*All run out.*

Tim. How sick am I of this false World? I'll now
Prepare my Grave, to lie where the light foam
Of the outrageous Sea may wash my Corps.

Evan. My dearest *Timon*, do not talk of Death;
My Life and thine together must determine.

Tim. There is no rest without it; prithee leave
My wretched Fortune, and live long and happy,
Without thy *Timon*. There is wealth enough.

Evan. I have no wealth but thee, let us lie down to rest;
I am very faint and heavy ——

[*They lie down.*

Enter Meliffa and Chloe.

Mel. Let the Chariot stay there.
It is most certain he has found a Mass of money,
And he has sent word to the Senate he's richer than ever.

Tim. Ile meete you at the turne :
What a Gods Gold, that he is worshipt
In a bafer Temple, then where Swine feede?
'Tis thou that rigg'ft the Barke, and plow'ft the Fome,
Setleft admired reuerence in a Slaue,
To thee be worshipt, and thy Saints for aye :
Be crown'd with Plagues, that thee alone obay.
Fit I meet them.

Poet. Haile worthy *Timon*.

Pain. Our late Noble Master.

Timon. Haue I once liu'd
To see two honest men?

Poet. Sir :

Hauing often of your open Bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retyr'd, your Friends falne off,
Whose thankelesse Natures (O abhorred Spirits)
Not all the Whippes of Heauen, are large enough
What, to you,
Whose Starre-like Nobleneffe gaue life and influence
To their whole being? I am rapt, and cannot couer
The|monstrous bulke of this Ingratitude
With any fize of words.

Timon. Let it go,
Naked men may see't the better :
You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seene, and knowne.

Pain. He, and my selfe
Haue trauil'd in the great showre of your guifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Timon. I, you are honest man.

Painter. We are hither come
To offer you our seruice.

Timon. Most honest men :
Why how shall I requite you?
Can you eate Roots, and drinke cold water, no?

Both. What we can do,
Wee'l do to do you seruice.

Chlo. Sure were he rich, he would appear again.

Mel. If he be, I doubt not but with my love I'll charm
Him back to *Athens*, 'twas my deserting him has
Made him thus Melancholy.

Chlo. If he be not, you'll promise love in vain.

Mel. If he be not, my promise shall be vain;
For I'll be sure to break it: Thus you saw
When *Alcibiades* was banish'd last,
I would not see him; I am always true
To interest and to my self. There Lord *Timon* lies!

Tim. What wretch art thou come to disturb me?

Mel. I am one that loves thee so, I cannot lose thee.
I am gotten from my Father and my Friends,
To call thee back to *Athens*, and her arms
Who cannot live without thee.

Evan. It is *Melissa*! prithee listen not
To her destructive *Syrens* voice.

Tim. Fear not.

Mel. Dost thou not know thy dear *Melissa*?
To whom thou mad'st such vows!

Tim. O yes, I know that piece of vanity,
That frail, proud, inconstant foolish thing.
I do remember once upon a time,
She swore eternal love to me, soon after
She would not see me, shun'd me, flighted me.

Mel. Ah now I see thou never lov'dst me, *Timon*,
That was a trial which I made of thee,
To find if thou did'st love me, if thou hadst
Thou wouldst have born it: I lov'd thee then much more
Than all the World ——— but thou art false I see,
And any little change can drive thee from me,
And thou wilt leave me miserable.

Evan. Mind not that Crocodiles tears,
She would betray thee.

Mel. Is there no truth among Mankind? had I
So much ingratitude, I had left
Thy fallen fortune, and ne're seen thee more:

Tim. Y'are honest men,
Y'haue heard that I haue Gold,
I am sure you haue, speake truth, y'are honest men.

Pain. So it is said my Noble Lord, but therefore
Come not my Friend, nor I.

Timon. Good honest men: Thou draw'it a counterfet
Best in all Athens, th'art indeed the best,
Thou counterfet'it most liuely.

Pain. So, so, my Lord.

Tim. E'ne so fir as I say. And for thy fiction,
Why thy Verse swels with stuffe so fine and smooth,
That thou art euen Naturall in thine Art.
But for all this (my honest Natur'd friends)
I must needs say you haue a little fault,
Marry 'tis not monstrous in you, neither with I
You take much paines to mend.

Both. Befeech your Honour
To make it knowne to vs.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my Lord.

Timon. Will you indeed?

Both. Doubt it not worthy Lord.

Tim. There's neuer a one of you but trusts a Knaue,
That mightily deceiues you.

Both. Do we, my Lord?

Tim. I, and you heare him cogge,
See him dissemble,
Know his grosse patchery, loue him, feede him,
Keepe in your bosome, yet remaine assur'd
That he's a made-up-Villaine.

Pain. I know none such, my Lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Timon. Looke you,
I loue you well, Ile giue you Gold
Rid me these Villaines from your companies;
Hang them, or stab them, drowne them in a draught,

Ah *Timon!* could'st thou have been kind, I could
Rather have beg'd with thee, than have enjoy'd
With any other all the Pomp of *Greece*;
But thou art loft and haft forgotten all thy Oaths.

Evan. Why fhould you ftrive to invade anothers right?
He's mine, for ever mine: Thefe arms
Shall keep him from thee.

Mel. Thine! poor mean Fool! has marriage made him fo?
No, ——— Thou art his Concubine, difhoneft thing;
I would enjoy him honeftly.

Tim. Peace, fcreech Owl: There is much more honefty
In this one woman than in all thy Sex
Blended together; our hearts are one;
And fhe is mine for ever: wert thou the Queen
Of all the Univerfe, I would not change her for thee.

Evan. Oh my dear Lord! this is a better Cordial
Than all the World can give.

Tim. Falfe! proud! affected! vain fantaftick thing;
Be gone, I would not fee thee, unlefs I were
A Bafilisk: thou boaft'ft that thou art honeft of thy Body,
As if the Body made one honeft: Thou haft a vile
Corrupted filthy mind ———

Mel. I am no Whore as fhe is.

Tim. Thou ly'ft, fhe's none: But thou art one in thy Soul:
Be gone, or thou'lt provoke me to do a thing unmanly,
And beat thee hence.

Mel. Farewel Beaft. ———

[*Ex. Mel. and Chlo.*]

Evan. Let me kifs thy hand my deareft Lord,
If it were poffible more dear than ever.

Tim. Let's now go feek fome reft within my Cave,
If any we can have without the Grave.

[*Exeunt.*]

Confound them by some course, and come to me,
Ile giue you Gold enough.

Both. Name them my Lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this:

But two in Company:

Each man a part, all fingle, and alone,

Yet an arch Villaine keepes him company:

If where thou art, two Villaines fhall not be,

Come not neere him. If thou would'ft not recide

But where one Villaine is, then him abandon.

Hence, packe there's Gold, you came for Gold ye flaues:

You haue worke for me; there's payment, hence,

You are an Alcumift, make Gold of that:

Out Rascall dogges.

Exeunt

Enter Steward, and two Senators.

Stew. It is vaine that you would speake *Timon*:

For he is fet so onely to himselfe,

That nothing but himselfe, which lookes like man,

Is friendly with him.

1. *Sen.* Bring vs to his Caue.

It is our part and promise to th'Athenians

To speake with *Timon*.

2. *Sen.* At all times alike

Men are not still the same: 'twas Time and Greefes

That fram'd him thus. Time with his fairer hand,

Offering the Fortunes of his former dayes,

The former man may make him: bring vs to him

And chac'd it as it may.

Stew. Heere is his Caue:

Peace and content be heere. Lord *Timon*, *Timon*,

Looke out, and speake to Friends: Th'Athenians

By two of their most reuerened Senate greet thee:

Speake to them Noble *Timon*.

Enter Timon out of his Cave.

Tim. Thou Sunne that comforts burne,
Speake and be hang'd:
For each true word, a blifter, and each false
Be as a Cantherizing to the root o'th'Tongue,
Confuming it with speaking.

1 Worthy *Timon*.

Tim. Of noone but such as you,
And you of *Timon*.

1 The Senators of Athens, greet thee *Timon*.

Tim. I thanke them,
And would fend them backe the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

1 O forget

What we are sorry for our felues in thee:
The Senators, with one consent of loue,
Intreate thee backe to Athens, who haue thought
On speciall Dignities, which vacant lye
For thy best vse and wearing.

2 They confesse

Toward thee, forgetfulnesse too generall grosse;
Which now the publike Body, which doth fildome
Play the re-canter, feeling in it selfe
A lacke of *Timon* ayde, hath since withall
Of it owne fall, restraining ayde to *Timon*,
And fend forth vs, to make theirorrowed render,
Together, with a recompence more fruitfull
Then their offence can weigh downe by the Dramme,
I euen such heapes and summes of Loue and Wealth,
As shall to thee blot out, what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their loue,
Euer to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it;
Surprize me to the very brinke of tears;

ACT V.

Enter Timon and Evandra.

Tim. NOW after all the follies of this life,
Timon has made his everlasting Mansion;
 Upon the beached Verge of the Salt Flood;
 Where every day the swelling Surge shall wash him;
 There he shall rest from all the Villainies,
 Betraying smiles, or th' oppressing frowns
 Of proud and impotent Man.

Evan. Speak not of death, I cannot lose thee yet,
 Throw off this dire consuming Melancholy.
 Oh could'st thou love as I do, thou'd'st not have
 Another wish but me. There is no state on Earth
 Which I can envy while I've thee within
 These Arms ——— take comfort to thee, think not yet
 Of Death ——— leave not *Evandra* yet.

Tim. Think'st thou in Death we shall not think,
 And know, and love, better than we can here?
 Oh yes, *Evandra*! There our Happiness
 Will be without a wish ——— I feel my long sickness
 Of health and living now begin to mend,
 And nothing will bring me all things: thou *Evandra*
 Art the thing alone on Earth would make me wish
 To play my part upon the troublesome Stage,
 Where folly, madness, falsehood, and cruelty,
 Are the only actions represented.

Evan. That I have lov'd my *Timon* faithfully
 Without one erring thought, the Gods can witness;
 And as my life was true my death shall be,
 If I one minute after thee survive,
 The scorn and infamy of all my Sex
 Light on me, and may I live to be
Meliffa's Slave.

Tim. Oh my ador'd *Evandra*!
 Thy kindness covers me with shame and grief,

Lend me a Fooles heart, and a womans eyes,
And Ile be weepe thefe comforts, worthy Senators.

1 Therefore fo please thee to returne with vs,
And of our Athens, thine and ours to take
The Captainfhip, thou fhalt be met with thanks,
Allowed with abfolute power, and thy good name
Liue with Authoritie: fo foone we fhall driue backe
Of *Alcibiades* th'approaches wild,
Who like a Bore too fauage, doth root vp
His Countries peace.

2 And fhakes his threatening Sword
Againft the walles of *Athens*.

1 Therefore *Timon*.

Tim. Well fir, I will: therefore I will fir thus:
If *Alcibiades* kill my Countrymen,
Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon*,
That *Timon* cares not. But if he facke faire Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by'th' Beards,
Giuing our holy Virgins to the ftaine
Of contumelious, beaftly, mad-brain'd warre:
Then let him know, and tell him *Timon* fpeakes it,
In pittie of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot choofe but tell him that I care not,
And let him tak't at worft: For their Kniues care not,
While you haue throats to anfwer. For my felfe,
There's not a whittle, in th'vnruly Campe,
But I do prize it at my loue, before
The reuerends Throat in Athens. So I leaue you
To the protection of the prosperous Gods,
As Theeues to Keepers.

Stew. Stay not, all's in vaine.

Tim. Why I was writing of my Epitaph,
It will be feene to morrow. My long fickneffe
Of Health, and Liuing, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, liue ftill,
Be *Alcibiades* your plague; you his,
And laft fo long enough.

I have deserv'd so little from thee;
Wer't not for thee I'd with the World on Fire.

Enter Nicias, Phæax, Ifidore, Ifander, Cleon, Thrafillus, and Ælius.

More Plagues yet!

Nici. How does the Worthy *Timon*?

It grieves our hearts to see thy low condition,
And we are come to mend it.

Phæax. We and the *Athenians* cannot live without thee,
Cast from thee this sad grief, most noble *Timon*,
The Senators of *Athens* greet thee with
Their love, and do with one consenting voice
Intreat thee back to *Athens*.

Tim. I thank 'em and would fend 'em back the Plague,
Could I but catch it for 'em.

Ælius. The Gods forbid, they love thee most sincerely.

Tim. I will return 'em the same love they bear me.

Nic. Forget, most noble *Timon*: they are sorry
They shou'd deny thee thy request; they do
Confess their fault; the publick body
Which seldom does recant, confesses it.

Cleon. And has sent us ———

Tim. A very scurvy sample of that Body.

Phæax. Oh my good Lord! we have ever lov'd you best
Of all mankind.

Thrafs. And equal with our selves.

Ifid. Our hearts and souls were ever fixt upon thee.

Ifan. We would stake our lives for you.

Phæ. We are all griev'd to think you should
So mis-interpret our best loves.

Cleon. Which shall continue ever firm to you.

Tim. Good men, you much surprize me, even to tears;
Lend me a Fools heart and Womens eyes,
And I'll beweepe these Comforts, worthy Lords.

Nic. We beg your honour will interpret fairly.

Phæ. The Senate has reserv'd some special dignities

1 We speake in vaine.

Tim. But yet I loue my Country, and am not
One that reioyces in the common wracke,
As common brute doth put it.

1 That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my louing Countrymen.

1 These words, become your lippes as they passe thorow them.

2 And enter in our eares, like great Triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them,
And tell them, that to ease them of their griefes,
Their feares of Hostile strokes, their Aches loffes,
Their pangs of Loue, with other incident throwes
That Natures fragile Veffell doth sustaine
In lifes vncertaine voyage, I will some kindnes do them,
Ile teach them to preuent wilde *Alcibiades* wrath.

1 I like this well, he will returne againe.

Tim. I haue a Tree which growes heere in my Clofe,
That mine owne vse inuites me to cut downe,
And shortly must I fell it. Tell my Friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that who so please
To stop Affliction, let him take his haste;
Come hither ere my Tree hath felt the Axe,
And hang himselfe. I pray you do my greeting.

Stew. Trouble him no further, thus you still shall
Finde him.

Tim. Come not to me againe, but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his euerlasting Mansion
Vpon the Beached Verge of the salt Flood,
Who once a day with his embossed Froth
The turbulent Surge shall couer; thither come,
And let my graue-stone be your Oracle:
Lippes, let foure words go by, and Language end:
What is amisse, Plague and Infection mend.
Graues onely be mens workes, and Death their gaine;
Sunne, hide thy Beames, *Timon* hath done his Raigne.

Exit Timon.

Now vacant, to confer on you. They pray
You will return, and be their Captain,
Allow'd with absolute Command.

Nic. Wild *Alcibiades* approaches *Athens*
With all his force; and like a Savage Bear
Roots up his Countries peace; we humbly beg
Thy just assistance.

Phæ. We all know thou'rt worthy,
And hast oblig'd thy Country heretofore
Beyond return.

Ælius. Therefore, good noble Lord.

Tim. I tell you Lords,
If *Alcibiades* kill my Country-men,
Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon*,
That *Timon* cares not: But if he sack fair *Athens*,
And take our goodly aged men by th' Beards,
Giving up purest Virgins to the stain
Of beastly mad-brain'd War; Then let him know,
In pity of the aged and the young,
I cannot chuse but tell him that I care not,
And let him take't at worst; for their Swords care not
While you have throats to answer: for my self
There's not a Knife in all the unruly Camp,
But I do love and value more than the
Most reverent Throat in *Athens*, tell 'em so!
Be *Alcibiades* your Plague, ungrateful Villains.

Phæ. Oh my good Lord, you think too hardly of us.

Ælius. Hang him! there's no hopes of him.

Nic. Hee'll ne'r return; he truly is *Misanthropos*.

Phæ. You have gold my Lord, will you not serve
Your Country with some of it?

Tim. Oh my dear Country! I do recant,
Commend me kindly to the Senate, tell 'em
If they will come all in one Body to me,
And follow my advice, they shall be welcome.

Nic. I am sure they will, my noble Lord.

Tim. I will instruct 'em how to ease their griefs;

1 His discontents are vnremoueably coupled to Nature.

2 Our hope in him is dead: let vs returne,
And straine what other meanes is left vnto vs
In our deere perill.

It requires fwift foot.

Exeunt.

Their fears of Hostile strokes, their Aches, Loffes,
 Their covetous pangs, with other incident throes
 That Natures fragil Veffels must sustaine
 In lifes uncertain Voyage.

Phæ. How my good Lord! this kind care is noble.

Tim. Why even thus ———

I will point out the most convenient Trees
 In all this Wood, to hang themselves upon.
 And so farewell, ye Covetous fawning Slaves be gone!
 Let me not see the face of man more, I
 Had rather see a Tiger fasting ———

Nic. He's lost to all our purposes.

Phæ. Let's send a party out of Athens to him,
 To force him to confess his Treasure;
 And put him to the torture, if he will not.

Nic. It will do well, let's away.

[Drums.]

Ælius. What Drums are those?

Phæ. They must belong to Alcibiades!

To Horse and fly, or we shall chance be taken.

[Exeunt.]

Tim. Go fly, Evandra, to my Cave, or thou
 Maist suffer by the rage of lustful Villains.

Enter Alcibiades with Phryne and Thais, two Whores.

Alci. Command a halt, and send a Messenger
 To summon Athens from me!
 What art thou there? speak.

Tim. A two leg'd Beast, as thou art, Cankers gnaw thee
 For shewing me the face of man again.

Alci. Is man so hateful to thee! what art thou?

Tim. I am *Misanthropos*! I hate Mankind:
 And for thy part, I wish thou wer't a Dog,
 That I might love thee something.
 But now I think on't, thou art going
 Against yon Curfed Town: go on! it is
 A worthy cause.

Alci. Oh *Timon*! now I know thee, I am sorry

For thy misfortunes; and hope a little time
Will give me occasion to redreſs 'em.

Tim. I will not alter my condition
For all you e're ſhall Conquer; no, go on,
Paint with man's blood the Earth: die it well.
Religious Canons, civil laws are cruel,
What then muſt War be?

Alcib. How came the noble *Timon* by this change?

Tim. As the Moon does by wanting light to give,
And then renew I could not like the Moon,
There were no Suns to borrow of.

Alcib. What frienſhip ſhall I do thee?

Tim. Why, promiſe me frienſhip and perform none;
If thou wilt not promiſe, thou art no man:
If thou doſt perform, thou art none neither.

Alcib. I am griev'd to ſee thy miſery.

Tim. Thou ſaw'ſt it when I was rich.

Alcib. Then was a happy time.

Tim. As thine is now, abus'd by a brace of Harlots,
What doſt thou fight with women by thy ſide?

Alcib. No, but after all the toils and hazards of the day
With men, I reſreſh my ſelf at night with Women.

Tim. Theſe falſe Whores of thine have more deſtruction
In 'em than thy Sword.

Phry. Thou art a Villain to ſay ſo ———

Thais. Is this he, that was the *Athenian* Minion?
A ſnarling Raſcal.

Tim. Be Whores ſtill, they love you not that uſe you;
Employ all your falt hours to ruine youth,
Softener their manners into a Lethargy
Of ſenſe and action.

Phry. Hang thee Monſter; we are not Whores, we
Are Miſtreſſes to *Alcibiades*.

Tim. The right name is Whore, do not miſcall it,
Ye have been ſo to many.

Thais. Out on you Dog.

Alcib. Pray pardon him;

His wits are loft in his calamities;
I have but little gold, but here's some for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alcib. Wilt thou go 'gainst *Athens* with me?

Tim. If ye were Beasts, I'd go with ye:
But I'll not herd with men; yet I love thee
Better than all men, because thou wert born
To ruine thy base Country.

Alcib. I've sent to summon *Athens*; if she obeys not,
I'll lay her on a heap.

Tim. It were a glorious act; go on, go on!
Here's gold for thee; stay, I'll fetch thee more.

Alcib. What mysteries is this! where should he have this?

Tim. Here's more Gold and Jewels! go on,
Be a devouring Plague; let not
Thy Sword skip one, spare thou no Sex or Age:
Pity not honour'd Age for his white Beard,
He's an Ufurer: strike the counterfeit Matron,
It is her habit only that is honest,
Her self's a Bawd: Let not the Virgins Cheek
Make soft thy Sword, nor Milk-Paps giving suck:
Spare not the Babe, whose dimpled smiles,
From Fools exhaust their mercy; think 'twill be
A Rogue or Whore ere long if thou shouldst spare it.
Put Armour on thy eyes and ears, whose proof,
Nor yells of Mothers, Maids, nor crying Babes,
Nor sight of Priests in Holy Vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce one jot.

Phryn. Hast thou more gold, good *Timon*? give us some

Thais. What pity 'tis he should be thus Melancholy!
He is a fine person now.

Tim. Oh flattering Whores! but that I am sure you will
Do store of mischief, I'd not give you any:
Here! be sure you be Whores still,
And who with pious breath seeks to convert ye,
Be strong in Whore, allure and burn him up;
Thatch your thin Skulls with burthens from the dead,

Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger.

1 Thou haft painfully difcouer'd: are his Files
As full as thy report?

Mef. I haue fpoke the leaft.

Befides his expedition promifes prefent approach.

2 We ftand much hazard, if they bring not *Timon*.

Mef. I met a Currier, one mine ancient Friend,

Some that were hang'd, no matter,
 Wear them! betray with them, Whore still;
 Paint till a Horse may mire upon your faces ——
 A Pox on Wrinkles, I say.

Thais. Well, more Gold, say what thou wilt.

Tim. Sow your Consumptions in the bones of men;
 Dry up their Marrows, pain their ribs
 And shoulders: Crack the Lawyers voice, that he
 May never bawl, and plead false title more.
 Entice the lustful and dissembling Priests,
 That scold against the quality of flesh,
 And not believe themselves; I am not well.
 Here's more, ye proud, lascivious, rampant Whores.
 Do you damn others, and let this damn you;
 And Ditches be all your Death-Beds and your Graves.

Phry. More counsel, and more money, bounteous *Timon*.

Tim. More Whore! more mischief first,
 I've given you earnest

Alcib. We but disturb him! farewell,
 If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I thrive well, I ne'er shall see thee more:
 I feel Death's happy stroke upon me now,
 He has laid his icy hands upon me at length;
 He will not let me go again, Farewell.
 Confound *Athens*, and then thy self.

[*Ex. Timon.*

Alcib. Now march, sound Trumpets and beat Drums,
 And let the terror of the noise invade
 The ungrateful, Cowardly, furious Senate.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Nicias, Ælius, Cleon, Thrafillus, Ifidore, Ifander, upon the works of Athens.

Nic. What shall we do to appease his rage?
 He has an Army able to devour us.

Phæ. We must e'en humbly bow our necks, that he
 May tread on 'em.

Ælius. He is a man of easy nature, soon won by footings.

Whom though in generall part we were oppos'd,
 Yet our old loue made a particular force,
 And made vs speake like Friends. This man was riding
 From *Alcibiades* to *Timons* Caue,
 With Letters of intreaty, which imported
 His Fellowship i'th'caufe against your City,
 In part for his fake mou'd.

Enter the other Senators.

1 Heere come our Brothers.

3 No talke of *Timon*, nothing of him expectt,
 The Enemies Drumme is heard, and fearefull scouring
 Doth choake the ayre with dust: In, and prepare,
 Ours is the fall I feare, our Foes the Snare

Exeunt

Enter a Souldier in the Woods, seeking Timon.

Sol. By all description this should be the place.
 Whose heere? Speake hoa. No answer? What is this?
Tymon is dead, who hath out-ftrecht his span,
 Some Beast reade this; There do's not liue a Man.
 Dead sure, and this his Graue, what's on this Tomb,
 I cannot read: the Character Ile take with wax,
 Our Captaine hath in euery Figure skill;
 An ag'd Interpreter, though yong in dayes:
 Before proud Athens hee's fet downe by this,
 Whose fall the marke of his Ambition is.

Exit.

Trumpets found. Enter Alcibiades with his Powers before Athens.

Alc. Sound to this Coward, and lasciuious Towne,
 Our terrible approach.

Sounds a Parly.

The Senators appeare vpon the wals.

Till now you haue gone on, and fill'd the time
 With all Licentious measure, making your willes
 The scope of Iustice. Till now, my selfe and such
 As slept within the shadow of your power
 Haue wander'd with our trauerst Armes, and breath'd|

Nic. I tremble lest he should revenge our sentence.

Ifid. If we shou'd resist, he'll level *Athens*.

Ifan. And then woe to our selves,

Our Wives and Daughters.

Nic. What will become of you and me *Phæax*?

We have been Enemies to him long. I tremble for it.

Phæ. Let us appear most forward in delivering up the Town to him.

Nic. If we resist, hee'll use a Conquerours Power,
And nothing then will escape the fury of
The Headstrong Souldiers, we must all submit.
See, he approaches. These Drums and Trumpets
Strike terror in me! Heav'n, help all.

[*Enter Herald.*]

Enter Alcibiades and his Army.

Alcib. What answer make they to my summons?

Herald. They are on the works to treat with you.

Alcib. There's a white Flag! let us approach 'em.

Hoa! you on the works! give me and my Army entrance,
Or I'll let loose the fury of my Souldiers,
And make you all a prey to spoil and rapine;
And such a flame I'll light about your ears,
Shall make *Greece* tremble.

Nic. My noble Lord! we mean nothing less.

Phæ. Only we beg your honour will forgive us.

Nic. W' have been ungrateful, and are much ashamed on't;
Your Lordship shall tread upon our necks if you think good;
We cannot but condemn our selves;
But we appeal to your known mercy and
Your Generosity.

Phæ. March noble Lord into our City
With all the Banners spread; we are thy Slaves.

Ælius. Your footstools.

Ifid. What ever you will make us.

Thraſ. Enter our City, noble *Alcibiades*: but leave
Your rage behind you.

Our sufferance vainly: Now the time is flush,
 When crouching Marrow in the bearer strong
 Cries (of it selfe) no more: Now breathlesse wrong,
 Shall fit and pant in your great Chaires of ease,
 And purfie Infolence shall breake his winde
 With feare and horrid flight.

1. *Sen.* Noble, and young;
 When thy first greefes were but a meere conceit,
 Ere thou had'st power, or we had cause of feare,
 We sent to thee, to giue thy rages Balme,
 To wipe out our Ingratitude, with Loues
 Aboue their quantitie.

2 So did we wooe
 Transformed *Timon*, to our Citties loue
 By humble Meffage, and by promist meanes:
 We were not all vnkinde, nor all deserue
 The common stroke of warre

1 These walles of ours,
 Were not erected by rheir hands, from whom
 You haue receyu'd your greefe: Nor are they such,
 That these great Towers, Trophees, & Schools shold fall
 For priuate faults in them

2 Nor are thy liuing
 Who were the motiues that you first went out,
 (Shame that they wanted, cunning in exceffe)
 Hath broke their hearts. March, Noble Lord,
 Into our City with thy Banners spread,
 By decimation and a tythed death;
 If thy Reuenges hunger for that Food
 Which Nature loathes, take thou the destin'd tenth,
 And by the hazard of the spotted dye,
 Let dye the spotted.

1 All haue not offended:
 For those that were, it is not square to take
 On those that are, Reuenge: Crimes, like Lands
 Are not inherited, then deere Countryman,
 Bring in thy rankes, but leaue without thy rage,

Ifan. Set but your Foot againſt our Gates, and they
Shall open ——— ſo you will enter like a friend.

Alcib. Open the Gates without Capitulations,
For if I ſet my battering Rams to work,
You muſt expect no mercy.

Nic. We will my good Lord ———

[*They all come down, Nic. preſent Alcibiades the Keys upon his Knees*
Our lives and Fortunes now are in thy hands;
But we fly to thy mercy for protection.

Alcib. You merit as much mercy as you ſhow'd
To *Thraſibulus*, ſuch monſtrous ingratitude
Will make your villainous names grow odious
To all the race of men, but to your ſelves
To whom vertue is ſo.

Phæ. 'Twas the whole Senates voice.

Alcib. A Senate, a Den of Thieves! I little thought
When I wreſted the Pow'r from the Rabble,
To give it you, you would be worſe than they;
But moſt of you deſerve the Oſtraciſm:
Some of you are ſuch Rogues you'd ſhame the Gibbet.

Nic. Good my Lord! tread on our necks, but pardon us.

Phæ. Wee'l be your Slaves if you'l forgive us.

Alcib. Can you forgive *Thraſibulus* when he's dead?
Muſt we be us'd thus after our frequent hazards, and our
Toils, hard weary marching! watching! faſting!
Such dreadful hardſhips, lying out ſuch nights
A Beaſt could not abide without a Covert,
And all for Purſy-lazy knaves, that ſnort
In peace at home, and wallow in their bags?
Muſt we the Bullwarks of our Country be
Thus us'd?

Phæ. Ceafe to reproach us, my good Lord.

Ælius. We are full of ſhame and guilt.

Cleon. Pardon us, good *Alcibiades*.

Thraſ. We heartily repent.

Ifid. Wee'l kiſs thy feet, good Lord.

Ifan. Do with us what thou wilt.

Spare thy Athenian Cradle, and those Kin
Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall
With those that haue offended, like a Shepheard,
Approach the Fold, and cull th'infected forth,
But kill not altogether.

2 What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt inforce it with thy smile,
Then hew too't, with thy Sword.

1 Set but thy foot
Against our rampyr'd gates, and they shall ope:
So thou wilt fend thy gentle heart before,
To say thou't enter Friendly.

2 Throw thy Gloue,
Or any Token of thine Honour else,
That thou wilt vse the warres as thy redresse,
And not as our Confusion: All thy Powers
Shall make their harbour in our Towne, till wee
Haue seal'd thy full desire.

Alc. Then there's my Gloue,
Defend and open your vncharged Ports,
Those Enemies of *Timons*, and mine owne
Whom you your selues shall set out for reproofe,
Fall and no more; and to attone your feares
With my more Noble meaning, not a man
Shall passe his quarter, or offend the streame
Of Regular Iustice in your Cities bounds,
But shall be remedied to your publique Lawes
At heauiest answer.

Both. 'Tis most Nobly spoken.

Alc. Descend, and keepe your words.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Noble Generall, *Timon* is dead,
Entomb'd vpon the very hemme o'th Sea,
And on his Grauestone, this Insculpture which
With wax I brought away: whose soft Impression
Interprets for my poore ignorance.

Alcib. You fix of the foremost here must meet me
In the *Arve*, where I'll order the *relays*
To Affemble all the people ——
And on your Knees present your selves
With Halters 'bout your necks!

Phæ. Oh my good Lord!

Alcib. Dispute it not, for by the Gods if you
Fail in this point, I'll hang ye all,
Rifle your Houses, and extirpate all
Your race —— March on.
Give order that not a man shall break his ranks,
Or shall offend the regular course of Justice,
On penalty of Death —— March on ——

[*Ex. Omnes.*

Enter Timon and Evandra coming out of the Cave.

Evan. Oh my dear Lord! why do you stoop and bend
Like Flowers orecharg'd with dew, who's yielding stalks
Cannot support 'em? I have a Cordial which
Will much revive thy Spirits.

Tim. No, sweet *Evandra*.

I have taken the best Cordial, Death, which now
Kindly begins to work about my Vitals;
I feel him, he comforts me at heart.

Evan. Oh my dear *Timon*! must we then part?
That I should live to see this fatal day!
Had death but seiz'd me first, I had been happy.

Tim. My poor *Evandra*! lead me to my Grave!
Left Death o'retake me —— he pursues me hard:
He's close upon me. 'Tis the last office thou
Can't do for *Timon*.

Evan. Hard, stubborn Heart,
Wilt thou not break yet? Death, why art thou coy
To me that court thee?

Tim. Lay me gently down
In my last tenement. Death's the truest Friend,
That will not flatter, but deals plainly with us.

Alcibiades reads the Epitaph.

*Heere lies a wretched Coarse, of wretched Soule bereft,
Seek not my name: A Plague consume you, wicked Caitifs left:
Heere lye I Timon, who aliue, all liuing men did hate,
Passe by, and curse thy fill, but passe and stay not here thy gate.
These well expresse in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhorrd't in vs our humane griefes,
Scornd't our Braines flow, and those our droplets, which
From niggard Nature fall; yet Rich Conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weepe for aye
On thy low Graue, on faults forgiuen. Dead
Is Noble Timon, of whose Memorie
Heereaft more. Bring me into your Citie,
And I will vse the Oliue, with my Sword:
Make war breed peace; make peace ftint war, make each
Prescribe to other, as each others Leach.
Let our Drummes strike.*

*Exeunt.**F I N I S.*

So, now my weary Pilgrimage on Earth
Is almost finish'd! Now my best *Evandra*
I charge thee, by our loves, our mutual loves,
Live! and live happy after me: and if
A thought of *Timon* comes into thy mind,
And brings a tear from thee, let some diversion
Banish it ——— quickly, strive to forget me.

Evan. Oh! *Timon!* Think'st thou! I am such a Coward,
I will not keep my word? Death shall not part us.

Tim. If thou'lt not promise me to live, I cannot
Refrain my life in peace, I will be with thee
After my Death; my soul shall follow thee,
And hover still about thee, and guard thee from
All harm.

Evan. Life is the greatest harm when thou art dead.

Tim. Can'st thou forgive thy *Timon* who involv'd
Thee in his sad Calamities?

Evan. It is a blessing to share anything
With thee! oh thou look'st pale! thy countenance changes!
Oh whither art thou going?

Tim. To my last home. I charge thee live, *Evandra!*
Thou lov'st me not, if thou wilt not obey me;
Thou only! dearest! kind! constant thing on earth,
Farewel.

[Dies.

Evan. He's gone! he's gone! would all the world were so,
I must make haste, or I shall not o're-take
Him in his flight. *Timon*, I come, stay for me,
Farewel base World.

[Stabs her self. Dies.

*Enter Alcibiades, Phrinias, and Thais, his Officers and Souldiers, and his
Train, the Senators. The People by degrees assembling.*

Enter Meliffa.

Mel. My *Alcibiades*, welcome! doubly welcome!
The Joys of Love and Conquest ever bless thee.
Wonder and terrour of Mankind, and Joy

Of Woman-kind: now thy *Meliffa's* happy:
She has liv'd to see the utmost day she wisht for,
Her *Alcibades* return with Conquest
O're this ungrateful City; and but that
I every day heard thou wert marching hither,
I had been with thee long e're this.

Alcib. What gay, vain, prating thing is this?

Mel. How my Lord! do you question who *Meliffa* is?
And give her such foul Titles?

Alcib. I know *Meliffa*, and therefore give her such
Titles: for when the Senate banisht me:
She would not see me, tho' upon her knees
Before she had sworn eternal love to me;
I see thy snares too plain to be caught now.

Mel. I ne'r refus'd to see you, Heav'n can witness!
Who ever told you so, betray'd me basely:
Not see you! sure there's not a fight on earth
I'd chuse before you: You make me astonish'd!

Alcib. All this you swore to *Timon*; and next day
Despis'd him —— I have been inform'd
Of all your falsehood, and I hate thee for't;
I have Whores, good honest faithful Whores!
Good Antidotes against thy poison —— Love;
Thy base false love; and tell me, is not one
Kind, faithful, loving Whore, better than
A thousand base, ill-natur'd honest Women?

Mel. I never thought I should have liv'd to hear
This from my *Alcibiades*.

Alcib. Do not weep,
Since I once lik'd thee, I'll do something for thee:
I have a Corporal that has serv'd me well,
I will prefer you to him.

Mel. How have I merited this scorn —— Farewel,
I'll never see you more.

Alcib. I hope you will not.

[Exit.]

Enter Souldiers with drawn Swords, haling in Apemantus.

How now ! what means this violence ?

I Sould. My Lord ! this snarling Villainous Philosopher,
With open mouth rail'd at the Army ;
He said the General was a Villain : shall we
Cut his throat ?

Alcib. No ! touch him not ! unhand him !
Why *Apemantus* didst thou call me Villain ?

Apem. I always speak my thoughts : not all
The Swords o'th' Army bent against my throat
Can fright me from the truth ———

Alcib. Why, dost thou think I am one ?

Apem. 'Tis true, this base Town deserves thy scourge,
And all the Terror and the punishment,
Thou can'st inflict upon it : the deed is good,
But yet thou dost it ill ; private revenge,
Base passion, headstrong lust, incite thee to it ;
Had they not banish'd thee, thou wou'dst have suffer'd
Wrong still to prosper, and th' insulting Tyrants
To thrive, swell and grow fat with their oppression,
And wou'dst have join'd in them.

Alcib. Thou rail'st too much for a Philosopher.

Apem. Nay frown not, Lord, I fear thee not, nor love thee,
All thy good parts thou drown'st in vice and riot,
In passion, and vain-glory : how proud art thou
Of all thy Conquests ——— when a poor rabble
Of idle Rogues who else had been in Jails,
Perform'd 'em for thee ; How false is Souldiers honour
With Drums and Trumpets, and in the face of day
With daring impudence Men go to murder
Mankind ——— but in the greatest actions of their Lives
The getting men, they sneak and hide themselves i'th' dark ;
I scorn your folly and your madness.

Alcib. Thou art a snarling Cur.

I Sould. Shall I run him through ?

Alcib. Hold.

Apem. I fear thee not.

Alcib. My ever honoured *Socrates* favour'd thee,
And for his sake I spare thee.

Apem. How much did *Socrates* lose his pains in thee!
Hadst thou observ'd his principles, thou'd'st been honest.

Enter *Nicias*, *Thrafillus*, *Phæax*, *Ifidore*, *Ifander*, *Ælius*, and *Cleon*, with
Halters about their necks.

Nicias. We come my noble Lord at thy Command,
And thus we humbly kneel before thy mercy.

Phæ. Spare our lives, and wee'l employ 'em in
Thy service, worthy *Alcibiades*.

Alcib. Do you acknowledge, you are ungrateful Knaves?

All. We do.

Alcib. And that you have used me basely.

All. We have, but we are very sorry.

Alcib. I should do well to hang you for the Death
Of my brave Officer; but thousand such base lives
As yours would not weigh with his! go, ye have
Your liberty. And now the people are assembled,
I will declare my intentions towards them. *[He ascends the Pulpit.*
My Fellow Citizens! I will not now upbraid
You for the unjust sentence past upon me,
In the return of which I have subdu'd
Your Enemies and all revolted places,
Made you Victorious both at Land and Sea,
And have with continual toil and numberless dangers
Stretcht out the bounds of your Dominions far
Above your hopes or expectations.
I will not recount the many enterprizes,
No Grecian can be ignorant of. 'Tis enough
You know how I have serv'd you. Now it remains
I farther shou'd declare my self; I come
First to free you good Citizens of *Athens*
From the most insupportable yokes
Of your four hundred Tyrants; and then next

To claim my own Estate which has unjustly
 By them been kept from me that rais'd them.
 I do confess, I in revenge of your decree
 Against me, set up them, but never thought
 They would have been such Curfed Tyrants to you,
 Till now, they have gone on and fill'd the time
 With most licentious acts; making their wills,
 Their base corrupted wills, the scope of Justice,
 While you in vain groan'd under all your suff'rings.
 Thus when a few shall Lord it o're the rest,
 They govern for themselves and not the People.
 They rob and pill from them, from thence t' increase
 Their private stores; but when the Government
 Is in the Body of the People, they
 Will do themselves no harm; therefore henceforth
 I do pronounce the Government shall devolve upon the
 People, and may Heav'n prosper 'em.

*People shout and cry, Alcibiades! Alcibiades! Long live Alcibiades,
 Liberty, Liberty, &c.* [Alcib. Descends.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. My noble Lord! I went as you commanded,
 And found Lord Timon dead, and his *Evandra*
 Stab'd, and just by him lying in his Tomb,
 On which was this Inscription.

Alcib. I'll read it.

*Here lies a wretched Corse, of wretched Soul bereft,
 Timon my name, a Plague consume you Caitiffs left.*

Poor Timon! I once knew thee the most flourishing man
 Of all th' Athenians, and thou still hadst been so,
 Had not these smiling, flattering Knaves devour'd thee,
 And murder'd thee with base ingratitude.
 His death pull'd on the poor *Evandra's* too;
 That Miracle of Constancy in Love.
 Now all repair to their respective homes,
 Their several Trades, their bus'ness and diversions;

And whilst I guard you from your active Foes,
And fight your Battels, be you secure at home.

*May Athens flourish with a lasting Peace;
And may its wealth and power ever increase.*

All the People shout and cry, Alcibiades! Alcibiades!
Liberty, Liberty, &c.

Epilogue.

IF there were hopes that ancient solid Wit
 Might please within our new fantastick Pit;
 This Play might then support the Criticks shock,
 This Scien grafted upon Shakespears stock;
 For join'd with his our Poets part might thrive,
 Kept by the vertue of his sap alive.
 Though now no more substantial English Playes,
 Than good old Hospitality you praise;
 The time shall come when true old fence shall rise
 In Judgment over all your vanities.
 Slight kickshaw Wit o'th' Stage, French meat at Feasts,
 Now daily Tantalize the hungry Guests;
 While the old English Chine us'd to remain,
 And many hungry onsets would sustain.
 At these thin Feasts each Morfel's swallow'd down,
 And ev'ry thing but the Guests stomach's gone.
 At these new fashion'd Feasts you' have but a Taste,
 With Meat or Wit you scarce can break a Fast.
 This Jantee slightness to the French we owe,
 And that makes all flight Wits admire 'em so.
 They're of one Level, and with little pains |
 The Frothy Poet good reception gains; |
 But to hear English Wit there's use of brains. |
 Though Sparks to imitate the French think fit |
 In want of Learning, Affection, Wit, |
 And which is most, in Cloaths, wee'l ne'r submit. |
 Their Ships or Plays o're ours shall ne're advance,
 For our Third Rates shall match the First of France
 With English Judges this may bear the Test,
 Who will for Shakespear's part forgive the rest.
 The Sparks judge but as they hear others say,
 They cannot think enough to mind the Play.

FINIS.



*They to catch Ladies (which they dress at) come,
 Or 'cause they cannot read or think at home;
 Each here deux yeux and am'rous looks imparts,
 Levells Crevats and Perriwigs at Hearts;
 Yet they themselves more than the Ladies mind,
 And but for vanity wou'd have 'em kind.*

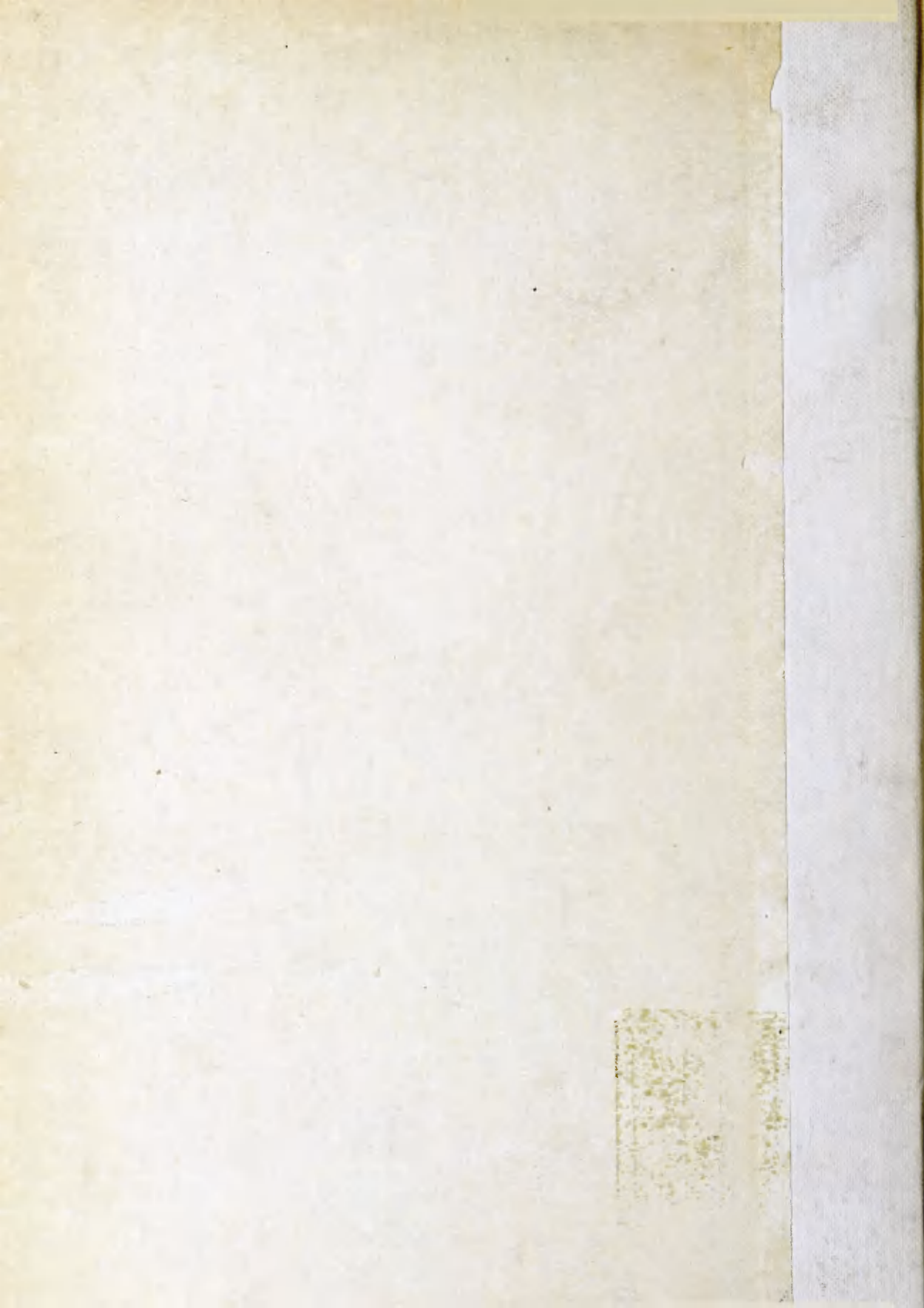
No passion ———

*But for their own Dear persons them can move,
 Th' admire themselves too much to be in Love.
 Nor Wit, nor Beauty, their hard Hearts can strike,
 Who only their own sence or persons like.
 But to the men of Wit our Poet flies,
 To save him from Wits mortal Enemies.
 Since for his Friends he has the best of those,
 Guarded by them he fears not little Foes.
 And with each Mistress we must favour find, |
 They for Evandra's sake will sure be kind; |
 At least all those to constant Love inclin'd. |*

FINIS.







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